

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 13, 1961

25 CENTS

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FLOYD PATTERSON





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March 13, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

Who reads SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?

That's a question guaranteed to bring a glaze to your eye and an itch to your finger, to turn the page and get on with reading this issue and our editors' preview of the fight.

But I have a certain reason for asking this question just this once more—and of course, answering it. There are still some misconceptions making the rounds about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readership. Chiefly among our friendly competitors, of course—and I know that this is always the sort of "whispering campaign" that nags along at the heels of almost any successful man, organization or magazine.

Nevertheless, since I think our salesmen's time is better spent selling SPORTS ILLUSTRATED than putting out each and every little brush fire, I thought I would take a crack at this one myself.

So, if you will bear with me—who reads SPORTS ILLUSTRATED? I'll try to make it as plain and as painless as possible.

Our advertising rates are now based on an ABC circulation rate base of 950,000 copies weekly. About 93% of this is by subscription.

Now, between June 8 and July 3, 1958, the Audits and Surveys Company, in consultation with the Advertising Research Foundation (which you know is the Judge Landis of the market research business) conducted personal interviews with 5,081 members of 2,551 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscriber households to determine who in those households that received the magazine read the magazine.

And they found, in answer to "who reads SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?": The entire family, beginning with



Not surprisingly, the largest groups of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's subscribers and readers are adult males, men over 18. In the house-

(continued on other side)

holds that receive SI, 90.5% of the adult males read the magazine.

Since in some of the households that receive the magazine there is more than one adult male, this means that reading the 950,000 copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED today are 1,048,900 adult males.

These figures, incidentally, are borne out pretty closely by the Daniel F. Starch organization's statistics on adult male readership of SI. In fact, Starch figures give SI a higher per-copy adult male (over 25) readership than any other magazine except Argosy, Mechanix Illustrated and U.S. News & World Report.

In other words, if you are buying SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to get men, you are getting men.

I would like to say this again, for the benefit of those who may have just come in: If you are buying SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to get men, you are getting men. You are paying for 950,000; you are getting close to 1,050,000 adult men.

2. Women.



McCall's to the contrary, togetherness is not yet dead. There are still a vast number of women in the U.S. who have the same interests as their husbands have. One of these interests is sport. (If you have ever tried to get off the first tee at your course around 1 o'clock on a lovely Saturday afternoon, the foregoing is superfluous).

In the households that receive SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, then, the Audits and Surveys researchers found 60.8% of the adult women reading the magazine, too—a total of 641,100 women over 18.

So reading the 950,000 weekly copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are 1,048,900 adult males and 641,100 adult females.

And these households indeed show a remarkable degree of togetherness, in a rather tender way. The average size of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED families is 3.8 persons, compared to 3.3 for the rest of the U.S.

Which brings us to the next group of readers:

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 14, Number 8

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 648 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL, except two year-end issues combined. Second class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in National and Separate editions. Additional copies of separate editions furnished or allowed for as follows: Eastern, E1-E12, Southern, S1-S4, Western, W1-W9, Korea, R1-R4, Florida, F1-F8 and E1-E12.

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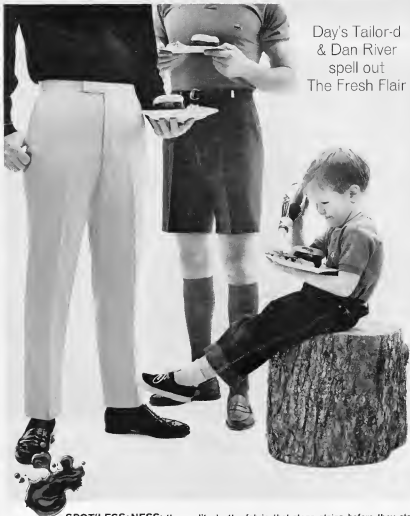
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to release attachments on your car. ■ If worse comes to worst and you must go to court, we pay civil court costs, legal fees and reasonable expenses incurred at our request. And if the verdict goes against you, we protect your home and savings, your income and your peace of mind by paying judgments up to the limits of your non-assessable policy. ■ Careful driving may avoid all this. For years, Liberty Mutual has sponsored highway safety through teenage road-e-o's, driver training and research in safe automobile design. Still, you cannot accident-proof the reckless, "if only" driver. You can insure against him at low cost with Liberty Mutual.



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spell out
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Cover painting by Robert Rauschenberg

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49 ... plus a report on Patterson's win over Robinson

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French Coup in the Ski World

France's new approach to international ski racing is paying off in victories—and in dollars

II: The Man of Silence Speaks

George M. Weiss concludes his two-part series on his years as general manager of the Yankees

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Defending champion Ohio State is the best bet in basketball's NCAA tournament

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A pictorial sampling in color of the fluid art that marks Russia's champion gymnasts

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Next week

Floyd Patterson defends his title against Ingemar Johansson this Monday. Unless the fight is postponed, it will be reported in depth, with pictures, in next week's issue.

The shadowy world of the traveling pool hustlers, where slick, fast-talking con artists shrewdly prey on the pride and the greed of easy marks, is explored by Jack Olsen.

Falling through the air at 120 mph, Sky Diver Lew Sabin meets a friend, Lynn Pyland, passes him a hat and a multicolored scarf and a sequence of color photographs.



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TOP GOLF EVENTS

Leading professional and amateur tournaments through May 21

AMATEUR

MARCH 15-19

Men's Amateur International 4-Ball, Orange Brook Golf Club, Hollywood, Fla.

MARCH 22-26

Western Amateur, New Orleans Country Club, New Orleans.

MARCH 29-APRIL 1

National Intercollegiate Invitational, Pine Forest Country Club, Houston.

APRIL 2

Golf Writers' Championship, Dunee Golf and Beach Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

APRIL 17-22

North and South Women's Amateur, Pinehurst Country Club, Pinehurst, N.C.

APRIL 25-30

North and South Amateur, Pinehurst Country Club, Pinehurst, N.C.

PROFESSIONAL

MARCH 9-12

Pensacola Open Invitational, \$20,000, Pensacola Country Club, Pensacola, Fla.

MARCH 9-12

Jamaica Open Invitational, \$10,000, Caymanas Golf and Country Club, Kingston, Jamaica.

MARCH 10-12

LPGA Miami Open, \$7,500, Springs Country Club, Miami.

MARCH 14-19

St. Petersburg Open Invitational, \$20,000, Pasadena Golf Club, St. Petersburg, Fla.

MARCH 22-26

Sunshine Open Invitational, \$30,000, Miami Springs Country Club, Miami and Bayshore Country Club, Miami Beach, Fla.

continued

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GOLF EVENTS continued

MARCH 31-APRIL 2

Azules Invitational, \$12,000, Cape Fear Country Club, Wilmington, N.C.

APRIL 4-6

The Masters, \$20,000 minimum, Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga.

APRIL 13-16

LPGA Dallas Civitan Open, \$10,000, Glen Lakes Country Club, Dallas.

APRIL 13-16

Greater Greensboro Open Invitational, \$22,500, Sedgefield Country Club, Greensboro, N.C.

APRIL 26-29

Houston Classic, \$40,000, Memorial Park Golf Club, Houston.

APRIL 27-30

LPGA Titleholders Championship, \$6,500, Augusta Country Club, Augusta, Ga.

APRIL 27-30

Texas Open Invitational, \$30,000, Oak Hills Country Club, San Antonio.

MAY 4-7

LPGA Betsy Rawls Peach Blossom Open, \$6,500, Spartanburg Country Club, Spartanburg, S.C.

MAY 4-7

Waco Turner Open Invitational, \$20,000, Turner Lodge and Country Club, Burneyville, Okla.

MAY 4-7

Tournament of Champions, \$40,000 minimum, Desert Inn Country Club, Las Vegas, Nev.

MAY 11-14

Colonial National Invitational, \$40,000, Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth.

MAY 18-21

Hot Springs Open Invitational, \$20,000, Hot Springs Country Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

MAY 18-21

Sam Snead Festival, \$10,000, The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W.Va.

END



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At the piano, Miss Nela R. Mann, daughter of Philadelphia's Dornier of Commerce, Mr. Dustin Villard, son of the American Ambassador to Senegal Standing, Miss Vicki F. Peterson of Kenilworth, Ill., Mr. Christopher Brady of Washington, D. C.



Miss Isabella Mano of Athens, Greece, chats with Mr. William F. Devine of Northford, Connecticut. Miss Mano is one of many international travelers who choose a gala voyage on the s.s. United States. The pool is especially popular with young people.



Mr. & Mrs. Stefan Neumann of New York City at the toy counter in the ship's shop. The Neumanns are regular travelers and this is their sixth crossing on the s.s. United States. He is a stockbroker. Many repeat passengers reserve private staterooms.

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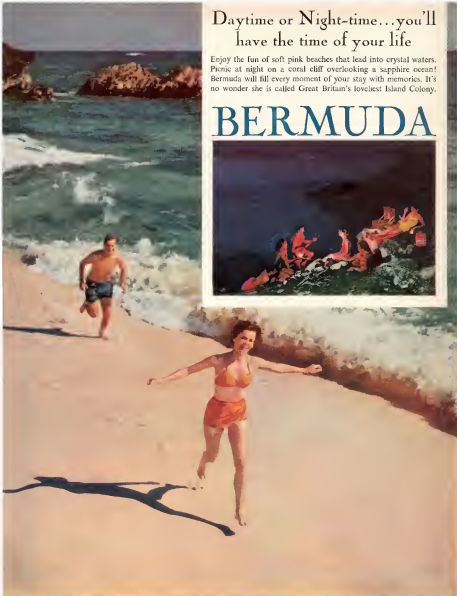
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A Case for Sherlock

The Jeffries-Johnson title prize fight nearly had Arthur Conan Doyle as its referee

by MITCHELL RAWSON

The finest salute the prize ring ever extended to literature took place in 1909, when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was offered the job of refereeing the Jeffries-Johnson fight for the world's heavyweight championship.

It seems to have been a perfectly serious offer. Jim Jeffries, the old, undefeated champion, had come out of retirement to meet the new titleholder, Jack Johnson, in the cause of white supremacy. The bids from fiercely competing promoters had been opened in Hoboken, N.J. on December 1, and after several days of wrangling and wary negotiation, Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason had won the privilege with a proposal of \$101,000 plus two-thirds of the movie rights.

Over in England the author not only of the Sherlock Holmes stories but of those classic yarns of the prize ring, *Rodney Stone*, *The Cockey*

Master and *The Lord of Falconbridge*, received a cable, then a letter signed by Irving Jefferson Lewis, managing editor of the *New York Morning Telegraph*, dated December 9:

"My dear Sir,—

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I took as a stranger in cabling to you asking if you would act at the championship battle between Jeffries and Johnson. The fact is that when the articles were signed recently your name was suggested for referee, and Tex Rickard, promoter of the fight, was greatly interested, as were many others. . . . In a voting contest several persons sent in your name as their choice. Believe me among sporting men of the best class in America you have many strong admirers; your splendid stories of the ring, and your avowed admiration for the great sport of boxing have made you thousands of friends.

"It was because of this extremely friendly feeling for you in America that I took the liberty of cabling to you. I thank you for your reply.

"It would indeed rejoice the hearts of the men in this country if you were at the ring side when the great negro fighter meets the white man Jeffries for the world's championship.

"I am, my dear Sir," etc.

In the bosom of his family the big, burly Anglo-Irishman was delighted with the message that had come to him from overseas. "By George," he exclaimed, "this is the most sporting proposition I ever heard!"

"Then you'll go?" asked Lady Doyle, who—knowing her husband—anticipated the answer.

"Go? Of course I'll go! This is a real honour!"

Some of his family and friends were less enthusiastic, however. Among them was his brother-in-law E. W. Hornung, who had contrived one of the most remarkable switches in modern literature by dressing up Raffles, the gentleman burglar, some years after brother-in-law Arthur

continued



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A Case for Sherlock *continued*

thought of Sherlock Holmes. Hornung lacked Conan Doyle's comprehensive love of sport. Of golf, for instance, he once remarked: "It's unsportsmanlike to hit a sitting ball."

In his memoirs Sir Arthur wrote: "I was much inclined to accept . . . though my friends pictured me as winding up with a revolver at one ear and a razor at the other. However, the distance and my engagements presented a final bar."

One of the engagements referred to was the campaign that Sir Arthur, a champion of good causes, was then carrying on against old King Leopold of Belgium as a result of the exposure of cruelties practiced on natives in the Congo.

So in the end he expressed his polite regrets, undoubtedly to the disappointment of Mr. Lewis and the *Morning Telegraph* and perhaps of Tex Rickard, Jeffries and Johnson. The promoter and the principals in the fight were not what you could fairly call reading men, but they knew who Conan Doyle was, and they felt for him the respect and confidence that he had won and deserved.

He would probably have made a good referee. He was big enough and strong enough to handle the fighters, and he knew the rules of the game. For many years he kept up his boxing, and said of himself: "I suppose I might describe my form as that of a fair average amateur." He was a frequent patron of the National Sporting Club in London when that exclusive body was the headquarters of British boxing. The club was stiffly aristocratic in tone, with white and black ties in all the seats except for a special section kept apart for professional bruisers. But when Sir Arthur came he would say: "Put me at the back, among the boxers."

That was how Sir Arthur was able to write *Rodney Stone* in a manner so convincing that it brought him one of his most cherished tributes. A friend who was at the deathbed of an Australian pugilist was reading him the chapter describing the fight between the young hero and the ruffian Joe Berks. A second gives counsel to Boy Jim: "Get your left on his mark, boy! Then go to his head with the right!"

The dying fighter raised himself in bed and said: "By God, that's got him!"

END



This July, a revolutionary new British liner cuts the Pacific down to size!

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The dotted line that heads *South* from Long Beach (Los Angeles) on our map is fast becoming one of the most popular new ways to travel to Europe.

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Palmer nailing down his second straight Masters title ★ Floyd Patterson regaining his heavyweight crown from Ingemar Johansson.

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SCORECARD

UNDERDOG OVERLAY

Floyd Patterson, quite logically, is favored to win his heavyweight championship fight with Ingemar Johansson next week in the Miami Beach Convention Hall. But as Gilbert Rogin points out (page 17) Patterson is no cinch; the men have met twice before, and twice the underdog was the winner. At 9½ to 1, Ingemar is what betting men call an overlay.

The Swede is an improved fighter. Having made a second and tardy renunciation of strawberry shortcake (SI, Feb. 27), he will probably come in just about where he wants—i.e., at about 200 pounds. Also, he has polished his jab, developed a fair left hook and an unquestionable right uppercut.

Unguessable hundreds of thousands will watch Ingo's fight. But two men will do so with a particular interest—two who may decide whether Johansson is to fight again after this. One is a Swedish doctor in the Palm Beach camp named Francis Benson. He is coping with the acute backaches from which Ingemar has suffered in previous training—and which were not publicized. The pain is attributed to the fact that Ingo's left leg is a trifle shorter than the right, and it has caused him to use a lift of one-sixteenth of an inch in his left shoe.

The second powerful influence on Johansson's future is exerted by an ex-fighter called Mortimer Caplin, formerly of the University of Virginia but now coming out of the Government's corner as Commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service. Caplin says Ingemar owes him \$598,181 in back taxes; Ingemar, a civilized man who regards prizefighting as merely one of the less disagreeable ways of making a living, says he owes the Government nothing. If Ingo turns out to be right, he may well quit and rest his back, deservedly ahead of the game.

But here he is again the underdog, and in this case we recommend no bet on him.

'TOO FACILITY'

Primo Carnera, as gentle a man as ever earned a decision over Paulino Uzcudun, has been staying in New York City (sleeping diagonally on a double bed) while fulfilling pro wrestling engagements in the East. Over a bourbon and 7-Up the other evening he made a fight prediction: Patterson, maybe by a KO.

Although he had lost to Buddy (Nature Boy) Rogers in the Garden a few nights before, Camera looked tanned and fit. Except for Patterson, he had unkind things to say about today's fighters. "They don't make the sacrifices these days," he asserted in his pleasant, raspy voice. "Europe, America—it makes no difference. Everything is for them too facility. They do too much what they want—Cadillacs, girls. They don't have the spirit. It is all a business. In the old days we used to keep in shape by fighting and when not fighting, 15 miles of roadwork. We used to dream fighting. We would get up in the middle of the night and study ourselves in the mirror, appreciating our movements. Nowadays, nobody wants to get hit, for heavyweights even more. Because the brain"—he tapped his temple—"is the same delicate thing in a heavyweight as a lightweight, only heavyweights punch harder."

Now a Los Angeles resident with a son at UCLA and a daughter in Hollywood High, Carnera saw films of the first two fights in Venice. With a grimace he said, "That Johansson, he win, but he don't convince nobody. The second time I am very convinced by Patterson. Here is a fighter who hits like he is in shape. For him, I can tell, it is not just a business."

PURE AS THE SNOW

Professional ski racing got off to such a smooth start at Aspen five weeks ago (SI, Feb. 13) that Friedl Pfeiffer, co-head of the ski school there and chief organizer of the pros, confidently scheduled his boys for several events around North America on

terms clearly set by Pfeifer. But the picture has been darkened by Marc Hodler, head of the Fédération Internationale de Ski, controlling body of the world amateur ski racers. "The question," remarks Hodler irritably, "is not whether the FIS will approve professional racing but whether it will actively fight this ski circus."

"We could blacklist resorts which organize professional races and take away their right to hold international events for a period of, say, 20 years. We want to see whether Pfeiffer will try to round up the best international amateurs or whether he will be content with a small group of professionals."

Note to Friedl: Jack Kramer's address is 1271 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles.

目录

Dr. Leon Levy is a 65-year-old gent who fishes, golfs, sits on the board of directors of the Columbia Broadcasting System and is the president of the Atlantic City Racing Association. Each winter Dr. Levy leaves his home in Philadelphia and vacations at his home in Palm Beach, Fla. for five months. During this time Dr. Levy gets a chance to pursue



his golf (shooting in the 90s) and worry about the mechanics of his swing. This winter, as Dr. Levy has moved across the fairways in his electric golf cart, other golfers have wondered about the strange letters on its side which read, "HDEIRX." They stand for "head down, elbows in and relax."

[GO TO MENU](#)

Southern Methodist University in Dallas has now suspended athletic scholarships for all sports except football and basketball. Matty Bell, athletic director, says that while SMU

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may be "de-emphasizing" sports, the main trouble is money. The economy wave will cut back track and field (in which SMU had standout performers), swimming (SMU is one of the best teams in the history of the Southwest Conference), baseball, golf and tennis.

One may well ask: Why should football and basketball players have this athletic scholarship monopoly? Admirably enough, SMU has been trying to raise academic standards while retaining sports aspirations. But if it wants to limit athletic scholarships, these should be spread over a number of sports.

REDRODEN

Manuel Yenza, the colorful Panamanian jockey who had the best riding percentage in America in 1960 by coming down in front with 27% of his mounts, was recently confined in New York's Physicians' Hospital suffering from two problems.

The other morning, while pacing about his room and drinking orange juice, he said, "I have been on sleeping pills for two days and have had a good long sleep after my operation. Last summer when I fell and break my left clavicle a plate is put inside of me, but I hurry back to riding too soon and the hurt she did not mend. When I am riding at Santa Anita this winter the plate sticks through my skin and shakes all around, and I get big pains. Then my wrists and ankles and fingers begin to hurt and five doctors examine me and do not know what it is. I am only able to ride about eight days, but I get 13 winners and then I go to Hialeah and soon the stewards suspend me, once for 13 days and then, bingo, for another 10 days for rough riding.

"The stewards call me to a meeting with the other jockeys, and one steward [George R. Palmer] talks to me very hard and makes Manuel the clown in front of all the other riders. Always I say to myself, I must respect the stewards, for they have the authority, but if a man says to me on the street what this steward says in that room then I must punch him in the beak.

"If a jockey commits foul, then he must pay," continued Yenza, "but I wonder why it is that always I am the one who pays. I believe I ride

continued

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SCORECARD

hard but I know I ride honest, and the rules they must apply to everyone and not just to Manuel. If I am right and have to keep paying, then that is what I shall do. My family, she has a coat of arms.

"Now the plate is out and I must mend, but in six weeks I shall be back and everyone should be ready for Manuel."

THE HIGH RUN

Can a pool shark be created in two weeks? 20th Century-Fox, of all people, is trying to find the answer. Fox sent Actor Paul Newman and Pool Champion Willie Mosconi to New York for a two-week crash program aimed at teaching Newman to shoot a hot stick. This, in turn, is supposed to enable Newman to play the lead role in Fox's *The Hustler* with genuine authority.

The two worked out in the least likely of places: in the basement of an exclusive girls' school on the fashionable East Side. (The table is there because the president of the school is a pool bug.) Oaths and imprecations, heard only by a guinea pig and some guppies in the next room, filled the air as Mosconi pounded at Newman three hours a day, six days a week. "Hold that stick close to your side, close to your side. . . . Good, good, you made it. . . . Now cut the hell outa that thing! . . . Aw, you're sawing wood again."

As the days passed, Newman began to look more and more like a bona fide pool hustler. Mosconi accepted his student's first failures and nurtured him along. At first, he had shot too hard, like most amateurs. And he had a tendency to put too much spin on the ball. "Half speed, Paul," Mosconi said over and over. "Half speed and dead center." Then one day Newman began sinking balls cleanly and accurately. Last week he made bank shots and caroms and combination shots and ran a whole rack. Mosconi, beaming with pride, racked the balls for his pupil. Newman broke them cleanly and tenderly and began picking them off again. His run ended at 21, a personal Newman record and a good run in almost any league.

"Imagine," said Mosconi. "A run of 21. Why, Paul, that's great." Then Mosconi, who owns a personal high

run of 526, stroked 50 consecutive balls into the pockets and left Newman safe on the rail.

SEVEN BLIND RICE

Last week seven out of eight Pacific Coast League baseball directors voted to accept "the wild card," that innovation which allows a manager to stuff a "hatter" into the pitcher's batting spot without losing the pitcher (SI, Feb. 6). The argument of the seven is that this will stimulate attendance at PCL games. Nonsense, gentlemen, it may attract a few people for a few games, but that's all. It's typical of baseball management thinking today: very short.

INSIDE TRACK

- Tom Barry, the trainer who trained Cavan and Celtic Ash for surprising Belmont Stakes victories in 1968 and 1969, is readying an unraced colt named The Crogan for this year's Belmont. Colt is sired by French stay-er, Guersant, from a Royal Charger mare named Byzantine Empress, and is training well at Camden, S.C.
- Coach Milt Schmidt may soon be given office job with Boston's hockey Bruins. Could be replaced by former Ranger Coach Phil Watson or Bruin Defenseman Hal Laycoe.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- Louise Suggs, who beat Sam Snead and 12 other male pros at par-3 golf three weeks ago, will meet head-on with Arnold Palmer in late April on par-3 course, probably in Miami.
- Billy Haughton, famed harness racing driver and trainer, is unhappy with the man who trains his wife's two Thoroughbreds. Last week, Trainer Bill Owens told Haughton that his colt, Precious Morsel, wasn't quite ready. The horse won, paying \$17.80; Haughton hadn't bet a dime.
- Colonel Eddie Eagan, director of the 1964-65 New York World's Fair sports program, is trying to get Olympic tryouts for the American team in New York. He is traveling abroad to induce various nations to send their top sports stars to the fair.
- Bill Reinhart, 30 years a basketball coach, watched his George Washington University team lose 16, win six during season, then knock off favorites in Southern Conference championship tournament—said, "In just three days, I've become a genius."

FACES IN THE CROWD



ASTRID SANDVIK, blue-eyed blonde from Oslo, Norway who attended Stamford (Conn.) High School, won giant slalom event at Oslo's annual Holmenkollen ski festival, was timed over the one-mile course, which drops 518 yards, in 1:56.4.



HARRY (Pookie) LOWREY, Philadelphia Phillies coach, used pendulumlike putting strokes to win National Baseball Players Golf Tournament at Miami Springs, admitted "It looks funny, but it gets the ball in the hole."



JANET NOPPES of Seattle, No. 6 in U.S.L.T.A. rankings, won singles, shared doubles and mixed-doubles titles in the women's national indoor tennis championships at Brookline, Mass., scored triple for first time since Nancy Chaffee Kiner did it in 1950.



FRED SCHMIDT, senior at New Trier H.S. in Winnetka, Ill., swam 100-yard butterfly event in record-breaking 52.7 at Illinois high school championships in Winnetka, cut four-tenths of second from record held by Olympic Champion Mike Troy.



SHIRLEY GARME of Chicago, holder of 150 average in league play, bowled a 600 in three-game singles, a 555 in doubles and a 638 in team play, set all-time national women's all-events nine-game score of 2,022 in Friendly Ladies Tournament at Milwaukee.



TOBY KIMBALL, 6-foot-6 senior at Belmont Hill in Belmont, Mass., scored 32 points and snagged 25 rebounds in leading team to 54th straight basketball triumph over St. Mark's at Southboro, Mass. that set Massachusetts schoolboy record.



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COMING EVENTS

March 10 to March 16

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Friday, March 10

GOLF
LPGA Miami Ladies Open, Miami (through March 12)

TRACK & FIELD
Chicago Daily News Relay, Chicago

Saturday, March 11

BASKETBALL (college)
Colorado at Kansas State
Iowa at Northwestern

★ Kansas at Missouri, 2 p.m. (ABC)
★ Oka Shoji at Bionia Sports Network regional TV *

★ Stanford at USC (pre)

★ Cincinnati at Los Angeles, 2 p.m. (NBC)

BOATING
Carnegie Light Race, San Diego (also March 12)

★ Bowling Stars, Racine vs. Weba, 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

★ BOXING
Duffie vs. Jordan, middles, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)

BRIDGE
Spring Nationals, Denver (through March 19)

HOCKEY (pre)
Boston at Montreal
Chicago at Toronto

★ **HORSE RACING**
Arlington, Kentucky, \$10,000, Gulfstream Park Sports Network regional TV *

★ San Juan Capistrano Handicap, \$100,000, Santa Anita, 8 p.m. (NBC)

RACQUETS
Nail Ringle Championships, New York

SKIING
Welt 20 km Cross-Country Champs., Anderwer, Me. (also March 12)

TRACK & FIELD
NCAA Indoor Champs., Mod. Sq. Garden, New York

★ Milwaukee Journal meet, Milwaukee
★ S. Women's Indoor Champs., Columbus, Ohio

Sunday, March 12

★ **BASKETBALL** (pre)
Boston at Syracuse, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)

GOLF
★ Celebrity Golf series, Sam Snead vs. Howard Knott, 5 p.m. (NBC)

HOCKEY (pre)
Detroit at New York
Montreal at Chicago
Toronto at Boston

Monday, March 13

BASKETBALL (college)
NAIA Champs., Kansas City, Mo. (through March 18)

★ BOXING
Patterson vs. Johansson, heavy title bout, 15 rds., Miami Beach, 10:05 p.m. (ABC)

HANDBALL
AAU YMCA Four-Wall Champs., Akron (through March 18)

Tuesday, March 14

HOCKEY (pre)
New York at Detroit

Wednesday, March 15

HOCKEY (pre)
Detroit at Chicago
New York at Boston

Thursday, March 16

BASKETBALL (college)
NIT Tournament, Mod. Sq. Garden, New York (also March 15, 21, 25 & 26)

GOLF
St. Petersburg Open, \$20,000, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through March 18)

HOCKEY (college)
NCAA Champs., Denver (through March 18) (pre)

★ Toronto at Montreal

SWIMMING
NAIA Champs., Detroit (through March 18)

*See local listings.

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**Sports
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MARCH 13, 1961

WILL THE TIGER



BE BACK?

Vengefully, Floyd Patterson (below) felled Ingemar Johansson last summer to regain the heavyweight title. But in their first fight Floyd had been a lamb. Now the champion will try to prove that he is an enduring tiger

CONTINUED





AS INGEMAR COWERED AGAINST THE ROPES, FLOYD ATTACKED WITH A STERN, UNREMITTING FURY THAT WON HIM BACK THE TITLE

Photographs by Evan Posen

MEETING IN MIAMI

by GILBERT ROGIN

It is not a new story, but it serves to illuminate the curious unreality of Miami Beach, where Floyd Patterson will defend his heavyweight title against Ingemar Johansson Monday night. A guest at the Hotel Fontainebleau—pronounced Fountain Blew in Miami—asked a bellboy the way to the ocean. "I'm sorry, sir," the boy replied, "but the ocean is closed."

In this whimsical setting, Floyd Patterson has trained diligently. He has been working out at the Deauville (pronounced Dough-ville, as in Spitsville or Laughsville)—a hotel which, behold, has an ice-skating rink in the basement and no mortgages and whose dollies carry the legend that the Deauville is, inalienably, "dedicated to the attainment of happiness."

Pursuing his happiness, if not Ingemar's, Patterson has been sparring in the Napoleon Room, Section 3. This is a free-form auditorium with ghostly brass chandeliers and cork walls. It might better be named the Proust Room. Floyd and his sparring partners wear T-shirts with musketeers on them, the emblem of the Deauville: the décor here is free French. But Floyd is not galled. He even endures the broad in the sunsuit who parades the aisles carrying a poster that proclaims both the number of the round and the fact that the Ritz Brothers are appearing in the Casanova Room. "This is a vacation spot," Floyd says wistfully, "not a place for business." He adds, almost apologetically, "But I came here for business."

After his workout and a cup of tea from an elaborate service, Floyd walks slowly down Collins Avenue through the languorous dark to his rented house. He collects the unfamiliar leaves of tropical plants from the gutters and wrenches fronds from palms. "I'm going to send them home to my wife," he says, as though you

had asked an idiotic question. Nature, evidently, is harder to attain than happiness. Here are the blue balloons of Portuguese men-of-war washed up on the tide; the snips of hair which the pastel artists cut from tourists' heads so that the color can be "faithfully reproduced" while the subjects are learning to cha-cha-cha at poolside or going to Mass at the *Jalalai fronton*. Floyd in Miami Beach is, as in W. B. Yeats's startling vision of the force of actuality, like a real toad in an imaginary garden.

Now 26, Floyd is also a new, dominant man. He has changed powerfully and radically. "I used to be on the outside looking in," he says of his castoff self. "Now I am on the inside looking out." It is a vantage which pleases him. "I'm grown up now. I am a little more hard." Not that he ever allowed himself to be taken advantage of. Years ago, he says, before he was married, he took a girl to the Apollo Theater in Harlem. A group called The Orioles were on the bill, and when they had finished their act the leader wiped his sweaty face with his handkerchief and flung it into the orchestra. "You know what was extraordinary?" Floyd asks. "My girl finished third in the race for that handkerchief. But you know what was even more extraordinary? When she got back to her seat I wasn't there." One day Floyd asked a friend this conundrum: "What is the most powerful license plate there is?" After the friend had guessed "No. 1" or one's initials, Floyd said, "No. It's no license plate at all."

Patterson's change was rung in the solitary deprivation of the year between his first fight with Johansson, which he lost, and the second, which he won. "I make the decisions now," he says. Indeed, he has assumed the executive stance, the command voice. "Don't bother me with details," he told the cameraman who films his

sparring sessions. "That's why I have a lawyer." His employees have learned to respect him as he flexes his new authority. Even Julius November, his attorney, is sweet and submissive, hovering like some huge, pale butterfly, in Floyd's company. A friend told Floyd that in certain countries there is a king, who is merely the titular head, and a prime minister, who holds and manages the power. "Yes, yes," said Floyd quickly, "now I am the king and the prime minister, too."

As for Cus D'Amato, whose shadow, like the moon, used to eclipse Floyd's sun—he lives in the same house as Patterson but Floyd neither knows what he does nor seems to care. Not that the old bindings of love and loyalty have been totally broken, but the roles of father and son appear to have been subtly reversed. "I tell Cus," Floyd says patiently, "that some of the people he knows have been using him and taking advantage of him, but he doesn't listen to me. My eyes have been opened."

What does Cus do? He is ill upstairs in his room—it may have been the smoked salmon. Or he goes to the Fontainebleau, where Beau Jack, the old lightweight, shines shoes and, emotionally, shines Jack's shoes. "Is that good publicity for the fight?" Floyd asks. D'Amato comes frequently to training and then sits in the back and does not visit Floyd. November, however, comes lordly to training. "I'm happy to present to you the attorney for Champion Patterson," is the astonishing announcement.

Although the fight is doing badly at the gate—an informed estimate says it will gross \$550,000 in a ball scaled for almost twice that much—it is certainly not Floyd's doing. He has thoroughly charmed and won the Beach. He treats his battered spar-mates compassionately, autographs almost endlessly, stops shadowboxing and bows low so a little girl can take his picture, greets and chats engagingly with passers-by. One afternoon when Johansson failed to appear for a public workout in the Convention Hall, Floyd pleaded with Trainer Dan Florio that he be allowed to go two rounds so "the people wouldn't

continued

be disappointed." Floyd apparently is satisfied that the seating has been integrated in Convention Hall, where the fight will be held. He had forced the promoters to post a \$10,000 forfeit that would be payable to the NAACP if the attendance wasn't integrated. Now he is going to donate that sum to the NAACP from his share of the purse. Of course, he remains apprehensive about his unfamiliar role as a Negro in the South, although in many respects Miami Beach is closer to Seventh Avenue than Peachtree Street. But it is still the South, and Floyd is anxious and, understandably, a little foelorn. One night he bought a handful of picture postcards from a rack outside a store and prepared to pay for them with a

\$5 bill he held in his other hand. When the white saleslady asked Floyd how many cards he had selected, he, bemused and unsettled, handed her the bill to count instead of the cards.

To anticipate the probable outcome of the third fight, one has to gather evidence from the first and second fights; they are inextricably connected. In the first, Floyd, secure in soul, was, as he admitted later, "treated like a kid." And, like an angry child, he pursued Ingemar aimlessly, while Johansson flitted beyond his futile reach as though in a dream of anxiety, his body turned to such a radical angle that it looked like a head-on view of the Flatiron Building. Ingemar's jab fluttered (he doesn't throw his jab as a piston but in a raking motion) across Floyd's

face, and when Floyd tried to pounce and punch from long range, Ingemar, like the man upon the stair, wasn't there.

"I was just out to get him," Floyd has said, disconsolately. Instead, of course, Ingemar got Floyd.

"I was ashamed," Floyd said.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of, getting up seven times," a reporter consoled him the other day.

"It was not the getting up that made me ashamed," Floyd said. "It was the going down."

Floyd refuses to accept any excuses for his dismal performance that night. "If you don't see it coming," he says, "it's bound to hurt you. But you don't have to accept punches."

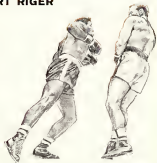
There are, however, lessons from that first fight:

1) Ingemar hit Floyd with what

WHAT INGO MUST DO TO WIN by ROBERT RIGER



FIRST FIGHT. Patterson fought from a crouch, Johansson from a spread stance, with body sideways, feet well apart. Ingo defended by bending back, springing away, circling to the left. Using this style he jabbed and half-hooked Floyd's bobbing head into position. Then he fired his straight right and won the title.



SECOND FIGHT. Floyd stood straighter "to reach him with the hook." So Johansson stood straight, too, in order to keep his jab level to the head. But this brought his feet closer together, cost him defensive mobility. Off balance, he was unable to avoid Patterson's devastating left, and was knocked out.

THIRD FIGHT. Johansson must revert to his spread stance, because it is the only position from which he can both defend and attack. He can back away from danger. He can jab or half-hook. And he can strike quickly with his right, gain the initiative and force Floyd back into his crouch of the first fight.



was, if not a perfect punch, at least so near to one as to make little difference. Yet, Floyd got up, as, in fact, Eddie Machen had survived Johansson's first shocking blow a year previously. Ingemar's right is by no means fatal.

2) Although a thoughtful, cunning fighter, Ingemar's attempts to finish Floyd after the first knockdown were wild and amateurish. The first right had been straight, accurate and fairly short. His subsequent right hands were long, wild, random. Ingemar lost both his pose and control when he had Floyd in difficulty. Ingemar seems to go to pieces when he is angered, too. When he sparred on the beach with Cassius Clay, the 18-year-old Olympic light heavyweight champion now turned professional, Clay's deftness so annoyed Ingemar

that he began throwing vast, arcing righthand leads that Cassius easily ducked.

3) When Floyd got up for the seventh time he was, even though sorely beaten, beginning to regain his senses.

Floyd had not deigned to use a jab in the first fight. In the second he jabbed constantly and strongly, using this punch to make contact with Ingemar and then, as it were, riding in on it for his hooks and combinations. As Floyd's sparring partner Wilson Hannibal said the other day, "It has a sincere message." By keeping contact with Ingemar through the jab and forcing him to retreat in a predictable, controlled fashion, Floyd was able to contain him for his heavier punching. Ingemar did hit Floyd with one imperfect right—it is impossible not to get hit in a prize-

fight. The punch landed in the second round and it staggered Floyd, although it was high. Floyd takes pains to explain that there was a plan: if Ingemar landed a worthwhile blow of any variety—jab, hook or celebrated right—Floyd was to simulate being hurt and to retreat and attempt to lure Ingemar into an ambush. What happened was that Floyd was stung by the punch, instinctively fought back for a moment and then, recalling the trap, he retreated like a mother bird feigning a broken wing to lure a predator away from her brood. In the fifth round Floyd knocked Ingo flatter than a *latke*, which is a pancake popular in Miami that is usually made from potatoes. Either he hits harder than Ingo or he takes a punch better.

Although Floyd admits that it is

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MOMENT OF DECISION. If Johansson defends from the spread as he did in the first fight, the time will come—possibly as early as the first round—when Floyd must force the issue, rushing in and opening up to throw his left. Ingo can retreat, but if he is to win, now is the moment for him to explode his right. It will take great speed. It will take courage, too.



Royal Way to Kill a Cat

Only the tiger failed to get the joke as organized royalty on elephant back moved through a trimmed jungle to hunt à la mode

The natives had every reason to be restless when Britain's touring Queen Elizabeth II, Prince Philip and some friends went hunting the other day in Nepal with their boss, King Mahendra. To insure an afternoon of sport fit for a queen, a large patch of Meghauli jungle was barbered like an English lawn and sprayed with DDT. Royal tents were set up with zinc bathtubs painted gleaming white and flush toilets (the Queen's had a red-velvet seat cover). A picnic lunch of wild bear shashlik and venison curry was catered by the famed Yak and Yeti bar in Katmandu (SI, July 27, 1959). A small army of 305 elephants from nearby India was imported to bear the guests. Two of them served as walking bars and several as ambulatory press boxes. But in spite of all preparations the Queen contented herself with shooting only pictures, while the Prince had a sore finger and couldn't shoot at all. The day's bag: one runty tiger and a mother rhino.

MOUNTED ON A SMALL, OR RUNABOUT-TYPE, ELEPHANT, WHICH WAS THE MODEL USED EARLY IN THE CHASE, THE QUEEN LEADS THE





THE QUEEN SHOTS FROM HER ELEPHANT'S BACK, BUT ONLY ON FILM



THE WOUNDED PRINCE SMILES A GREETING IN KATHMANDU

LINE AS STEALTHY NEPAL TIGER HUNTERS CLOSE IN ON THEIR PREY—WHICH IS BEING KEPT HANDY FOR THEM BY MAHENDRA'S BEATERS

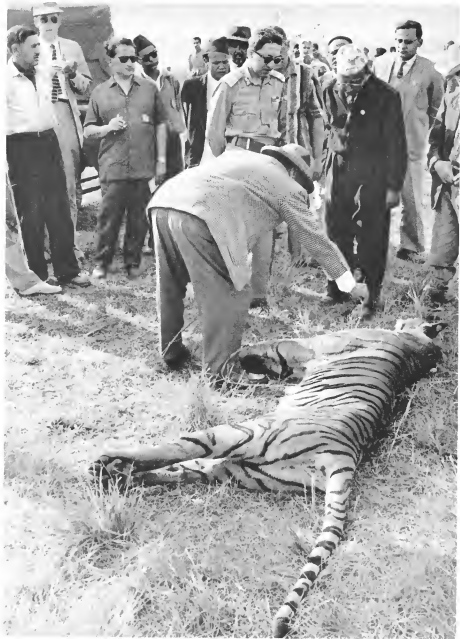


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THE BIGGEST TROPHY was this female rhinoceros—a mother, whose baby was promptly driven off. Rhinos are not considered sporting trophies in Nepal, since only 80 are left in the country and poachers threaten them with extinction. Even the elephants turned skittish when the rhino was being ringed; some of them bolted and ran. But by this time the intrepid hunters had shifted from the small to the large, or limousine-type, elephants with howdahs mounted on their backs and so were unharmed.

THE SLAIN TIGRESS is measured on the ground, after being stretched as far as she could go, under the supervision of King Mahendra, bareheaded and in uniform. She came to a disappointing eight feet, eight inches. Ringed by the Nepalese King's beaters the night before, the tigress was fed a buffalo calf to slow her down. Even so, she made a game fight. Britain's Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, missed her four times, leaving the kill to be made by another gun—nobody knew for sure just whose.



FRANCE TAKES A DEEP DRAUGHT OF VICTORY

After a decade of finishing everywhere but first, the French have mustered their resources to make themselves the No. 1 power in international ski racing—and in dollar income from skiing

by JOHN MECKLIN

To a handful of historians, the March 10-12 running of the International Arlberg-Kandahar at Murren, Switzerland is important chiefly because it marks the 50th anniversary of modern ski racing. But to swarms of very practical hotel owners, tourist agents, ski equipment manufacturers and, in fact, the heads of state of several Alpine nations, the running of these races will be much more than an anniversary. For the odds are that the results of this Kandahar will be among the most decisive in skiing's half century, fixing 1961 as the final year of a French revolution that has been violent enough to satisfy even a Madame Defarge.

"*La grande aventure du ski français*," as the French newspaper *L'Equipe* has breathlessly called it, has been under way for nearly three years. Its avowed purpose has been to capture the summit of ski racing—more specifically, to capture it from the Austrians, who have dominated the sport for the past decade. The *aventure* registered its first success in the 1959 season, when François Bonlieu unexpectedly won the Kandahar slalom at Garmisch, the only notable French victory in big-time skiing since 1950.

Last year, to the dismay of the Austrians, the French team began a wholesale bloodletting. Adrien Duval, until then an erratic also-ran, won both the downhill and slalom

at the Hahnenkamm Races in Kitzbühel, the first non-Austrian to win that title in 26 years. Later Duval took the downhill and the combination at the 1960 Kandahar. At Squaw Valley, Jean Vuarnet won the Olympic downhill, and 20-year-old Guy Périllat, the youngest member of the French team, won the world combined championship.

Then, in the first two months of the 1961 season, Périllat swept the downhill and combined titles of four classic races: the Lauberhorn (in Wengen), Hahnenkamm (Kitzbühel), Allais Cup (Mégeve) and the Grand Prix (Chamonix). Right behind him came a cloud of other talented young Frenchmen—Duval, Charles Bozon, Bonlieu and company—and suddenly France was, indeed, the leading nation in downhill racing.

The most obvious reason for their leadership is Périllat, one of the finest Alpine skiers of all time. Like many top racers, Périllat is short and square-cut (5 feet 6 inches tall, 150 pounds) with a low center of gravity. He is pug-nosed, affable, smiles easily, but he is also a deadly earnest young man. Son of a ski lift operator at the Haute-Savoie village of La Clusaz, Guy was sliding almost as soon as he could walk, and little else has entered his life since then.

Like a good many of his contemporaries, Périllat's attitude toward racing reflects the fact that the downhill has become one of the world's most dangerous sports, where a man



FIRST BLOOD in French revolution was drawn by François Bonlieu when he won slalom in 1959 Arlberg-Kandahar.



ASSISTED BY SKI MAKER LAURENT BOIS AND PRETTY FAN, PÉRILLAT DRINKS CHAMPAGNE FROM HARMENKAMP TROPHY

who hopes to win must literally turn himself into a guided missile, bolting down steep tree-lined courses where a fall could easily be fatal. "Most of the time," says Périllat, "I'm scared stiff." When a newsmen once asked him after a major race if anything interesting had happened during the run, he replied: "When one risks a fall, it is not amusing. I remember nothing but the skiing."

In Périllat's case, the skiing is worth remembering. So polished is his style that in the Lauberhorn downhill his time was 4.6 seconds faster than his closest rival, an astonishing margin in an event where tenths of a second are usually decisive. Karl Schranz, the Austrian star, was so staggered that he asked to look at Périllat's skis after the race. Périllat politely refused.

The real reason for the French successes—as indicated by the remarkable depth of their team—is not so much the excellence of individuals as it is their system. Of all people, the

French, the world's most hopelessly unreconstructed individualists, have converted skiing from an individual sport into a team sport, with backing that amounts to a national effort. In fact, the entire *aventure* was undertaken by a deliberate decision of the French government.

The investment

To begin with, the Fédération de Ski Française has an annual budget of some 100 million old francs (about \$203,000), including a direct government subsidy of some 15 million, making it appreciably richer than most other national federations. A sizable chunk of this goes to the French national ski team, covering such expenses as pre-season training. The 28 team members (15 men, 13 women) themselves get no direct living expenses (except by host clubs during races) but, like other European teams, they are equipped gratis by French manufacturers—e.g., 250 pairs of skis are contributed annual-

ly by the Rossignol firm, maker of the Allais 60 ski. More perhaps than others, the French racers also are spurred by an intense sense of patriotic duty reflecting President de Gaulle's drive to revive French national pride.

The French government also has donated the services of Périllat, who is on a two-year tour of duty with the mountain troops, and clearly serves his country better winning races than carrying a gun. But by all odds the government's most important gesture was its three-year loan to the national civilian team of Honoré Bonnet, chief instructor of the French army's mountain troops. A hard-bitten, leathery man of 41, Bonnet is a native of Chamonix and a lifelong skier (though never a racer). In two short seasons he has wiped out the discord and petty jealousies which was the order of the day on the French teams. And he has created a unit that is, in terms of condition, morale and technique, the

continued

strongest ski team in the world. Part of this he has done by pure physical training. "I'm interested in the athlete," says Bonnet, "even more than in the skier. All the boys on my team are in the best physical condition." But he has also done it through a rare ability to handle men.

His racers love and respect him like a father confessor. When he broke his leg in an accident early this season, they insisted on carrying him piggyback to observation points on the courses. For an understanding of his role, one need only be present at the champagne party he permits his men after a victorious day; he presides like Dr. Johnson at the Cheshire Cheese, with the skiers listening in admiring silence. The ultimate accolade: "Gay, tu as bien fait." Bonnet has also managed to instill in his men a greater loyalty to the team than to personal glory. Thus if one of the early French starters in a race makes a good time, the others know they can

risk everything because the team will still win. Says Périllat: "Every one of us is happy even if he loses as long as another teammate takes the victory. When you feel surrounded by warmth and encouragement like that you can do anything." At the same time Bonnet's men have acquired a cocky, indomitable confidence that works psychologically against their opponents. The Austrians, for example, were driven to fury—and perhaps costly recklessness—by a French skier's remark to newsmen just before the Hahnenkamm: "Let the Austrians fight it out among themselves for fourth place if they want."

To make sure that the Austrians stay in fourth place the French have developed a new approach to downhill racing. Their "secret" rests on the simple realization that in modern downhill, speeds are so great—up to 75 mph—that streamlining can make a difference of several seconds, or more than enough to win. Bonnet & Co., therefore, set out to establish scientifically the exact human posi-

tion that creates the least aerodynamic drag. They studied films of champions in action, notably Toni Sailer, made stop-watch tests of different positions on a simple schuss, even experimented with wind tunnel studies of miniature human figures. The result was their now famous crouch, which was first described as the "egg position" (SI, March 7, 1960), and subsequently as the "frog," or as Bonnet calls it, "la position V.J." (meaning Vuarnet, Jean, whom he credits with the original idea).

Although the French consider the egg position their own, a good many authorities assert that the egg has been used for years by champions of other nations. Says Bonnet with a snort: "If that's what they say, then show me a picture of somebody using it before we did."

Whether the position itself is new or not, the French also recognized how extraordinarily difficult it is to hold, even for the two to three minutes of an average race. Yet the French hold it through most of the course, for Bonnet calculates that at high speeds a skier loses anywhere from two- to four-tenths of a second each time he straightens up to regain his balance. These fractions become vitally significant when one remembers the fact that Vuarnet, for example, won the Squaw Valley downhill by only half a second over Germany's Hans-Peter Lanig.

One thing that helps the French hold the egg so long is just plain courage. They resist straightening up until disaster is almost upon them. The other reason is their training. Bonnet begins working with his men in September, appreciably earlier than any other team begins training as a unit. Besides the standard cross-country running and bicycling to develop leg muscles, Bonnet has devised what he calls "special" exercises to develop back and neck muscles—the latter being especially important for the egg position. Says Bonnet: "Our men today can usually stay in the position for 80% of a downhill run. Our objective is 90% or 95%, and we're sure we can reach that, maybe next season." As a result of his physical discipline, says the Olympic giant slalom champion Roger Staub, "Périllat is never in trouble. He goes down the mountain as though he were on rails." Says Toni Sailer: "The true test of a downhill racer is that he



KEY TO VICTORY In French resurgence has been team's manager and trainer Joseph Bonnet, here flanked by downhill stars Périllat and Adrien Duvalier (right).



EGG POSITION, made famous when Jean Vuarnet used it to win Olympic downhill at Squaw Valley (SI, March 7, 1960), was developed after wind tunnel tests.

doesn't allow his skis to control him. Guy doesn't simply let himself go at the highest possible speeds. He never ceases to guide his skis. He isn't swept downhill by them. He is their master." Such is the case with all of Bonnet's men.

Bonnet and his racers are no less exacting about every other opportunity to apply science to skiing. Their successes last year were certainly due in part to the Allais 60 ski, a product of years of research. Because of the flexibility provided by the metal, plastic and laminated wood construction, the Allais 60 tends to run easily over the surface of the snow, instead of cutting through it and losing speed. At the same time, it preserves the longitudinal rigidity essential to prevent the skis from chattering or skidding on fast turns.

But the French are not satisfied with having the best downhill skis and the best racing positions. They approach each new course like a surgeon studying X-rays before a brain operation. Not only do they test the snow with thermometers at every level to calculate waxes—during the day or two before a race they make stopwatch tests of various approaches to every turn, experiment with changes of a millimeter or two in foot positioning on their skis to match weight distribution to snow conditions and calculate the best "line," i.e., the

exact course from gate to gate for maximum speed, like geometers. Périllat estimates, incredibly, that on a good run he does not vary from his planned line by more than a couple of feet.

Watching this process before one major race early this season, a young American racer (who placed 45th) remarked with undisguised awe: "The French don't even bother to practice running the course. They take that for granted."

The payoff

The French *mezzette* has been the first major shift in leadership since skiing became a popular recreation, and its longer-term repercussions are thus difficult to forecast. It nevertheless is safe to make a few predictions. Most obviously, the Austrians and other Alpine countries will be forced not only to adopt the egg position in downhill racing but also to provide the financial and moral support for pre-season team training on the French model. This will mean providing ski teams the kind of national backing that Europeans now give to other big-money sports. The French governmental subsidy of \$30,000, small as it seems, is appreciably larger than the piddling \$6,000 that the Swiss government anters up, or even the \$21,000 provided by the Austrian government. Additionally, the French ski federa-

tion's 160,000 members contribute wealth that smaller countries cannot hope to equal. The stakes in this bidding are a good deal higher than mere satisfaction of national pride. Austrian supremacy during the '50s, due in large measure to their development of the graceful shortslowing technique (still used in the slalom races by all nations, including France) has been an increasing financial windfall. The Austrian government estimates that income from winter season tourists amounts to some \$40 million out of the country's total foreign exchange earnings of \$240 million. Kitzbühel alone has been turned into one of the most prosperous resorts in the Alps in part because it has produced a succession of champions, including Toni Sailer. Since Sailer won three gold medals at the 1956 Olympics, the village has added about 3,000 beds and half a dozen lifts. There are an estimated 200 Austrian ski instructors working today in the U.S. compared with exactly four French instructors. So far there has been no appreciable damage to the Austrian resorts, but the French ski federation estimates that Périllat's victories have already attracted some 100,000 new visitors to French Alpine centers this season. Périllat's home town, La Clusaz, is widely advertising itself as "la station de Guy Périllat." The store his father now owns, with all Guy's trophies spread out in the window, is swamped with business, and the town itself is turning away would-be visitors by the hundreds despite hurriedly added facilities. Rossignol this year is producing 20,000 pairs of Allais 60 skis, compared with 7,000 last year, but the demand already is far ahead of supply. This month Rossignol plans to come out with a new all-plastic model to be called *le ski Vuarnet*, further capitalizing on French victories.

The French, in short, are clearly determined to exploit their team's fame financially, and the Austrians, just as clearly, are nervous about it. Said a rueful Austrian ski instructor in midseason 1961: "We Austrians have learned that technique—winners—tourists. People like to ski where the champions ski. If the French keep this up, something drastic will have to be done." The French are indeed keeping it up and may very well administer the *coup de grâce* this weekend at Mürren.

END

THE BEST DECISION I EVER MADE

by **GEORGE M. WEISS** with **ROBERT SHAPLEN**

That's what the former general manager of the Yankees says about hiring Casey Stengel. Here he tells of his early years, discloses some more front-office secrets and picks his own All-Yankee team

I suppose if I had been a better ballplayer I might never have become general manager of the New York Yankees and derived all the satisfaction I have from baseball. Back at Hillhouse High School in New Haven, Conn. some 50 years ago, I fooled around the infield, but I'm afraid I was like that youngster Ring Lardner later relegated to oblivion in one masterful sentence, "Although he was a very poor hitter, he was also a poor fielder." Since my abilities with a bat and a glove were negligible, I was elected manager of the Hillhouse team, which won the state championship—our star was Jumping Joe Dugan, who became a great Yankee third baseman. I can't rightfully say I had any early, built-in ambitions to become a baseball administrator—it simply seemed a shame, I thought, to break up a winning combination, and when we were all graduated I suggested to the boys that they play semipro ball together in the summer of 1912. We called ourselves the Colo-

nials and played sandlot games in and around town. That fall most of us went off to college—I enrolled at Yale—but we got together again the following summer, when, in order to avoid the Sunday ban against baseball in New Haven, we played at Lighthouse Point, an amusement park outside the city.

After my father died I had to quit college and take over the family grocery business in New Haven. This naturally kept me in and around town instead of on campus. There was a lot of hungry talk for good baseball in New Haven in those days, but the local club in the Eastern League wasn't going anywhere, and I saw a fine future for the Colonials. To bol-



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ster them I signed up some college stars I had come to know at Yale and elsewhere, and a number of sandlot-ers in the area. Since Sunday ball was prohibited in New York and in Boston, too, in those days, I was able to induce several top major league stars to play for me. Our attendance was so good that I was able to pay them as much as \$800 apiece for an appearance. After the 1915 World Series I got the entire champion Red Sox team to come down. We held them to a 3-3 tie (Babe Ruth pitched for the Sox, and Ty Cobb played first base for the Colonials, getting eight assists), and the result was a new baseball rule forbidding more than three participants in a World Series

from appearing in the same game in any postseason exhibition. On another occasion I got the Phillies and the Giants to play a regularly scheduled National League game at Lighthouse Point during the troublous war years, and the Colonials to this day are the only semipro team that ever played against a big league team in a big league park—the Yankees, at the Polo Grounds. Our receipts from that amounted to a meager \$10.42, but I thought that Harry Sparrow, the Yankee business manager who gave me the game, was a veritable god, and the whole prospect of baseball promotion began to fascinate me.

Back in New Haven there was talk about "breaking up the Colonials."

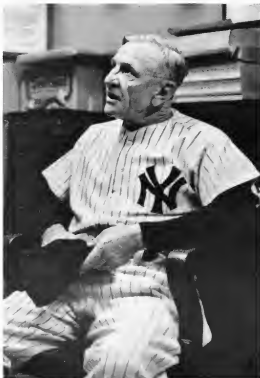
We were bringing in so many stars that the New Haven club, even though I had paid them part of the gate in deference to their territorial rights, kept falling deeper into the red. Just before the opening of the 1919 season, when the Eastern League offered me the franchise for \$5,000 I took it.

Two of my best friends were Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb. Both of them played for me at Lighthouse Point, and when I took over New Haven they and other major leaguers I had come to know tipped me off on good young prospects. Johnson, with whom I almost was associated years later in the purchase of the Oakland franchise in the Pacific Coast League, was a close and valued friend until his death in 1946, and Cobb remains one today. Recently, while rummaging through my files, I came across a letter Ty sent me from Detroit in May 1919. "Well, I see you have finally entered the fold," he wrote of my fragile franchise purchase, "and I believe you have made a good move if you play the game carefully and don't let your enthusiasm run away with your better judgment. Get college players and young fellows, get a good reliable catcher, pay him good money, and a good second baseman and shortstop, and fill in with hustling young fellows; and have the best pitching staff and the rest is easy. Let me know how you are coming along."

I found two letters from Ty, written from California 40 years later, in 1959. In the first one he saw the handwriting on the wall for the Yankees that season. "George, you cannot win every year, of course you know that, but you and Casey and your organization have won more years than any club ever in baseball," he wrote. "But I have seen the Yanks slump, several consecutive games lost . . . and the tough job and the badge of merit is when a manager can, after a slump, pull them together and turn right around and run off a number of wins. . . ."

continued

GOOD FRIENDS TOGETHER. Weiss and Casey discuss day's doings after a game.

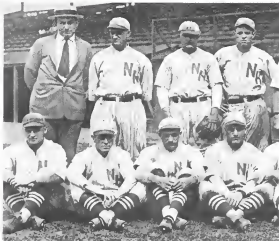


In the second, received after we had lost the pennant, he advised me to take careful stock of our Yankee veterans, especially those who had slumped, and then he went on, in his customary random, jotting style: "Don't trade a tried and proved man on the record of this bad year, you want to get his true worth in a deal, trade him after a good year . . . he might have been affected by some personal problem, or mental attitude, this is for you to probe and find out, you have several [such veterans], make them open up to you . . . they will if you explain and pursue."

From seventh to first

It was quickly apparent to me when I went into organized ball that it paid to have a wide circle of friends. My experience as a semipro manager had put me in touch with baseball men all over the East, and what I really had established, without being aware of it, was a kind of private, bird-dog organization of my own—I knew what a kid here looked like, and what another one there might do. The benefits showed almost immediately. The New Haven Profs, after finishing seventh in 1919, my first year, finished first in 1920, and over the next eight years they won two more pennants and finished second twice. During this time I also managed to sell more players to the majors and higher classifications than the rest of the league combined. I take special pride in the fact that in those eight years, in the succeeding three I spent as general manager of the old Baltimore Orioles and in my 29 years with the Yankees as farm director and then general manager, I never again finished in the second division. This, I confess, was a comfortable feeling as the years passed, and those 10 pennants in the last 12, when Casey and I worked so closely together, provided a near-perfect ending.

I've known Casey Stengel almost all my baseball life. Soon after I broke into the Eastern League he became manager at Worcester, which had a tie-up with the Boston Braves, and I was impressed with him from the start. We soon got to be good friends and we'd often sit up half the night, at meetings, talking away—Casey even then did most of the talking and



IN 1922 WEISS POSED PROUDLY WITH HIS CHAMPIONSHIP NEW HAVEN PROFS.

I did most of the listening. As the years went on we continued to see each other frequently, and my respect for his talents grew. I never felt that his so-called clowning, his great sense of fun, interfered with his managing or affected his remarkable ability to size up a situation, to know when and when not to gamble. When the Dodgers fired him as manager in 1936 and he was offered a good minor league job, I advised him against it. "You're a big leaguer now, stick to it," I remember telling him. After sitting it out a year on his Dodger salary, he became the Braves' manager. His material in Boston was as bad as it had been in Brooklyn, only less funny. Seven years later I hired him myself for a minor league managing job at Kansas City, but that was different, of course—he was joining the Yankee organization then! After that he decided he wanted to go to Oakland so he could be on the Coast, where he lived, and while it's true that Del Webb, the Yankee co-owner, watched him out there and liked his work, the decision to bring him to New York in 1949 was mainly mine. I don't think I ever made a better one.

I've often been asked to compare the two great Yankee managers of my time, Joe McCarthy and Stengel. Let me emphasize—they were both great, and I think each was right for his day

and for the kind of ball club the Yankees happened to have. McCarthy, throughout his tenure, had an essentially established club. Consequently, he should not be criticized for being basically a percentage manager. With men of the caliber of Gehrig, Dickey, DiMaggio, Rolfe, Crosetti and Gordon around, that's what he had to be. But he believed in making changes when necessary, and he tried to make at least one important shift a year because he thought it perked up the team. He won his pennants fairly easily compared to the number of squeakers Casey won, and he didn't need the kind of patchwork help I sometimes had to provide for Casey, who had to rebuild and refashion his club constantly—I'll come back to that later. Joe seldom complained about anything. Only once I remember, after he had won three pennants in a row in 1943, he harked back to his close third-place finish in 1940, which had been preceded by four successive flags, and remarked that if we had brought up Phil Rizzuto to play shortstop that year instead of a year later he might have won eight in a row. He was undoubtedly right, as the 1940 pennant was lost only a day before the season ended.

McCarthy had great perception, as did Casey; but Joe's was more tailor-made, Casey's more unorthodox. Both



"YOU CAN TELL I GAINED WEIGHT THAT YEAR," HE SAYS. "JUST LOOK AT MY SUIT."

had a magnificent ability to detect flaws in players, but where Casey dealt more directly with his men McCarthy usually imparted his knowledge through his coaches, indirectly. Joe was a more demanding man insofar as discipline was concerned. If a man produced for Casey, he wasn't that insistent on ironclad adherence to rules.

Baseball has changed greatly since the war, and because of this Casey and I had to approach many problems in new and different ways. I think we on the Yankees established the system of standardized training and development many other teams have since emulated. The basis of it is careful, scientific perfection of natural talents. Once our scouts have found the raw material, we make a point of devoting more time than most teams do to these youngsters, especially to the rough-diamond type of player. Such a boy is given the particular sort of instruction we feel he needs, and his manager and coaches—and, from time to time, special tutors who make the rounds of our farm teams—keep after him until they have made him a more finished performer. To develop an established major leaguer, we figure, including all costs such as scouting and minor league development expense and averaging the totals out under the present bonus system,

costs about \$400,000. Needless to say, the prolonged operation also has helped us develop good coaches and managers.

On top of such training, we've had what Casey always called the "instructional schools" to correct specific weaknesses once the rookie has had his essential grounding. We have made a further point of training our best and most versatile rookies at several jobs, that is, to play two or more positions, and it's no accident that defense has probably been the most consistent factor in our success, notwithstanding our great slugging reputation. Casey never hesitated to experiment, of course, even when a man had no previous experience in a post, but his two-platooning, which he developed to a fine point and which more and more managers are resorting to, was mainly so successful because of the previous well-rounded training our players had received. I see that Ralph Houk, the new Yankee manager, has said he plans to do less two-platooning, and perhaps he will, but I'm convinced that essentially it's here to stay because of the general conditions I've mentioned.

I must, finally, pay tribute to Casey for his elephantine memory and for his remarkable use of psychology. It was always a treat to watch him draw an object lesson from the past within

earshot of a player with a fault he wanted to correct—it got the desired result without hurting the boy's feelings. Stengel was at home with his men, joking with them, trying constantly to help them, even if it took the form of benching a young player he thought was burning up energy too quickly or resting a veteran like Baez in order to prolong his baseball career. Casey is a sensitive man, and when he did something on the field that you wanted to question him about afterward, you had to approach him by saying, "I know you had a reason for what you did out there, Casey, but I'd like to know what it was." You wouldn't hear any of his famous double talk on these occasions—he saved that for the press, often to avoid a direct answer—and he never failed to come up with a cogent and often highly original explanation. Invariably it was based on some bit of knowledge he had stored away through the years. More than once, when Casey and I were talking about a player, he would astonish me by suddenly saying, "George, do you remember what you told me 10 years ago about that fellow?" I might not, but he would.

Because the Yankees were substantially built on developed players, we seldom did any trading for front-line men. Pitchers were the exception—somehow, except for Whitey Ford, and to a lesser degree, Tom Sturdivant, Johnny Kucks and Tom Morgan, and now, we hope, Bill Stafford, we had trouble developing good young pitchers. So we traded for or bought men like Alie Reynolds, Ed Lopat, Bob Turley, Don Larsen, Art Ditmar, Johnny Sain and Bobby Shantz. We were fortunate that we had good men we could spare to get these men we wanted, which is another tribute to our system. Most of these deals for pitchers turned out well, but one I'd like to forget is the purchase of Fred Sanford from the Browns for \$100,000 late in 1945. He had a good fast ball, and the Red Sox, who had given us some tough battles the season before, were also after him, so the asking price was high. The truth of the matter is, Casey and I both thought it was too high, but Dan Topping called us long distance and said if we wanted him we'd better buy quick because the Browns were about to be sold and moved to the West Coast. The rumor turned out to be false, but by then we had paid the Browns

continued

\$100,000. Sanford never pitched good ball for us—he was just one of those fellows who apparently could only do well on a second-division team.

Topping, incidentally, has also admitted responsibility for the only deal I ever saw Casey get mad about—the trading away of Tommy Byrne, the wild but talented southpaw, in 1951. The Browns wanted Byrne and \$25,000 for Stubby Overmire, one of those dippy-doodlers who had always given us trouble, but I thought they were asking too much. Casey agreed and told his coaches we'd keep Byrne. Later that evening—it was only a few hours away from the trading deadline—Topping came in. He had never liked Byrne's pitching, and he asked me if I had dealt him off as planned. When I said I hadn't, Dan swore he would never come and watch Byrne pitch again and in effect told me to get rid of him. The phone happened to ring just then and it was Bill DeWitt of the Browns, so I said O.K. to his offer. Casey, who had a soft spot for Byrne, figured I had gone back on my word and had embarrassed him with his coaches, which was true, but it was just one of those things. We got Byrne back three years later, and he won 16 big games for us in 1955.

The famous Billy Martin ruckus

Casey and I always discussed trades before they were made, and we also talked over a lot that never materialized. I wouldn't have thought of dealing away a man or dickering for a player without consulting him—not only because I respected and wanted his judgment and opinion, but because that's the only way a ball club should be run. A lot of fans figured Billy Martin, Casey's so-called pet, was traded over Casey's head in 1957. This was not so, though Casey may have been sorry to see him go. The famous ruckus that took place at the Copacabana during a celebration of Martin's birthday, which, incidentally, caused a TV network to cancel negotiations for a big inspirational show about the Yankees, was not the only reason we decided to get rid of Martin. More important than his proclivity for getting into trouble was the fact that in our opinion he had begun to lose that extra step at second base. It's worth remembering

that we were three and a half games out of first place when Martin was traded, and we won the pennant.

Our trading philosophy has always been one of trying to get a man to fill a needed gap, often short-term, without helping the opposition too much and without trading away a star. It's true that I traded Jackie Jensen to the Senators for Irv Noren in 1952, but Jensen was an extra outfielder with us then and didn't reveal his true potential until he went to Boston. We badly needed some left-handed hitting in the lineup because those sidarm right-handers were murdering us. Noren didn't do much to help us right away, but he was a tremendous factor in our 1953 flag drive. Other so-called spot trades or purchases that turned out well brought such men as Johnny Mize, Johnny Sain, Enos Slaughter and Johnny Hopp to the Yanks for relatively short but highly productive periods. Well-organized scouting is an important factor in trading, too. In 1957, for instance, we got Cletis Boyer from the A's as a virtual throw-in in the big trade for Dittmar and Shantz. Tom Greenwade, one of our top scouts, had tried to sign Boyer back in Missouri some time before, but the youngster had wanted to stay in the Midwest and had signed with Kansas City. We all thought Boyer was a corner and I talked the A's into letting us have him, even though he first had to finish his bonus term with them. Last year he really began to pay off for us. He's one of the best glove-men around and his hitting should continue to improve.

Now that they're both out of baseball, I can talk about a big trade that was almost made—Ted Williams for Joe DiMaggio. Back in 1950 Topping and I talked to Tom Yawkey, the Red Sox owner, about a man-for-man swap. Chiefly because the left-field fence at Fenway Park would have been as much of a help to DiMaggio as our low right-field barrier would have helped Ted in the Stadium, we thought the trade would prove a fascinating one that would lend zest to the whole game. Yawkey, however, backed out, and I can't say I'm sorry, even though Ted went on playing for a number of years after DiMaggio quit. We tried, unavailingly, to get Ted again in 1959, by the way. In my book DiMaggio must rate as one of the half dozen greatest outfielders

of all time. In hitting, perhaps the edge goes to Williams, and to Stan Musial, too, but DiMaggio had more all-round attributes than either. He was a far better fielder than the other two, with a superb arm, until he hurt it, and he was a much better base runner, too. The fact that DiMaggio played on so many more championship clubs than either Musial or Williams is a point too, I think—he was a born champ.

The question of Negroes

Before I get off this subject of development and trading, I want to say something about Negro ballplayers, because we've been criticized in the past for allegedly dragging our heels on the issue. We may have been slow in coming up with the kind of Negro ballplayer we wanted, but there was never any question of bias. As a matter of fact, with the exception of Jackie Robinson, we were interested from the start in just about every Negro ballplayer who has come up to the majors. Going back to when Robinson was signed for Montreal in 1946, we assigned Paul Krichell and Joe Press, two top scouts, to canvass the Negro field. But we never believed in bringing up a Negro for the purpose of exploitation or to pep up attendance. Our first candidate for a Yankee job, Vic Power, did not turn out to be the man we wanted, even though, after we traded him, he developed into a fine player. We sought to get men like Luke Easter and Artie Wilson but ran into rube-rubs with the Negro leagues or other big league teams. We've tried out plenty of Negroes through the years on our farm teams—at least 50 have been signed by the Yankees organization since 1948, at a cost of approximately half a million dollars—but, with the exception of Power, none of them had what it takes until Elston Howard came along. In addition to Howard, we now have on our roster Hector Lopez, whom we got in a trade, and Jess Gonder, a highly promising catcher. Two of our scouts, Jose Seda and Tuffe Hasbani, are regularly scouting Negroes. So even though we were once picketed for discrimination and received inquiries on our policy from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and others, this charge of bias is altogether unjustified, and I feel the record shows it.

continued

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It was my practice, in the 13 years I was general manager of the Yankees, to remain in the background as much as possible. This was not, as I have already said, due to any inclination on my part to remove myself from the social scene—it was simply the nature of the job in this busy era of big-business baseball. A general manager belongs in the inner office, not outside, and in all my 29 years with the Yankees I remember publicly walking out on the diamond at the Stadium only three times, to receive awards of one kind or another. After we won the seventh game of the 1947 Series against the Dodgers, I went down to the clubhouse—this was just before the big blowup that night that first saw Larry MacPhail fire me, and then resulted in Larry being bought out by Topping and Webb and my being hired the next day to the general managership. Larry was cavorting around and he belittled, pointing to me, "There's the man who built the winning team—I built the losers," referring to my work as farm boss and to his own earlier role as boss of the Dodgers. "Who's he?" a visiting photographer asked, pointing to me. I never minded this anonymity because I think I got better results that way. But I want to correct one mistaken impression—that I was a cold, tough-minded fellow who never regarded ballplayers as personalities. I think what I've said about my early training at New Haven belies that, and while it's true that in the minors you tend to be closer to the players because you live and travel with them more, you still see a lot of them in the majors, too, and their problems get to be your problems.

I don't think we've ever had a player, an important one, who was as much of a problem to himself, to us and to the public as Mickey Mantle; but if my hunch is right—and I know it's been said before—I think he's about to lick his own difficulties. I certainly hope so, because no ballplayer, not even including the great DiMaggio, ever possessed more natural abilities than Mantle, who cost us a paltry \$1,500. As a hitter, Mickey has more power than DiMag, and he has the additional advantage of being a switcher, but he hasn't yet reached Joe's magnificent consistency and de-

pendability. The difference is one of attitude. It's not, contrary to what the public may think, that he hasn't cared, that he's phlegmatic. Perhaps he acts that way sometimes, but he actually cares too much. He does something DiMaggio, with his particular sophistication and grace, never did, and that's carry his strikeouts to the outfield with him. Some say that it all goes back to the fact we brought Mantle up too soon as Joe's replacement, but I don't agree. Maybe he would have been a greater star sooner if he had gone to Cincinnati, say, because New York is a tough town on celebrities, but Mantle's troubles go deeper than that. A lot of them, I feel, go back to the fact that his father, who trained him the way Feller's dad trained Bobby, as a future ballplayer, died just when Mickey was beginning his first season as a regular. The old man was of the old school, and he had no truck with alibis; when we sent Mickey back to Kansas City the boy wanted to quit, and his father bluntly told him to go ahead, if that was his disposition. Mantle sulked, and then rallied. I think he's missed his father's stern guidance through the years, and it may well have been the chief factor in keeping him from reaching his capacities as a superstar. But last year Mantle turned what looked like a poor season into a good one—over the latter part of the schedule Mickey carried the team, and his World Series performance should have been an inspiration to him. I believe he's finally reached that necessary, elusive point of maturity. He's begun to stop fretting and he's ready to give his best, day in and day out, without regret and self-chastisements. I'll be looking at him this year with my fingers crossed, and I'm convinced he can still be one of the great ones.

A special favorite

Certainly, in my time with the Yankees, Mickey, along with DiMaggio, belongs on my personal All-Yankee team. The third outfielder has to be a special favorite of mine, Charley Keller. Keller was one of the bear-down boys I most admire. I remember the first time I saw him, in 1937, when he was still a student at the University of Maryland and got permission to come south and train with Newark, our chief farm team. He showed up with nothing but a pair

continued



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of pants and an old leather windbreaker, which was apparently all he owned, and immediately started to alarm balls out of the park. He was supposed to finish school that year, but his college coach told us we might as well take him right away because he was no good any longer where he was. We started him at Newark. I listened to our games on a radio in my office there, on the mezzanine, and whenever Keller was due at bat I'd run out just to see him stand up there and take that big whiplash swing.

Yogi Berra has that same sort of swing that always attracts your attention. Yogi was born knowing how to please a crowd. I suppose, going back to 1932, I'd have to pick Bill Dickey as my All-Yankee catcher, but I'd sure like to have Yogi around. He had tremendous natural ability to start with and that great willingness to learn that made it almost easy for Dickey, the master, to teach him the finer points of catching. I would have to say Casey's "assistant manager, Mr. Berra" was more responsible than any other player for the team's success in my period as general manager.

My All-Yankee infield has Lou Gehrig, who last played in 1939, at first. Second base is a tossup in my time between Tony Lazzeri and Joe Gordon, who took Tony's place in 1938; both were master fielders, though Gordon gets the edge there, and both

were fine clutch hitters. Red Rolfe, another of the bear-down men whose keen knowledge of the game allowed him to take the fullest advantage of his limited natural abilities, is at third, and little Phil Rizzuto, who proved all of us wrong when we said he was too small, is at shortstop. I could cite a lot of Yankee pitchers over the last 50 years, but if I can have two right-handers and two southpaws I'll take Red Ruffing and Vic Raschi, Vernon Gomez and Whitey Ford. In a clutch, though, I'd be tempted to call on Albie Reynolds.

I'll go with Casey

My manager? Except for a brief period, my experience, of course, was solely with McCarthy and Stengel. As I have already emphasized, both did tremendous jobs, each in his own way, during their respective tenures, and I hesitate to make a choice. My years as general manager coincided with Casey's as field manager, so I suppose I've got to go along with him. One of the things I'll miss most, in this tentative retirement of mine, is the sight of Stengel about to make one of those special classic moves of his, and then talking to him about it after the game. Not just the Yankees, but baseball itself won't seem the same without him.

My 50th anniversary with the Yankees was February 12. Looking back over these three decades, a few accomplishments stand out in my mind



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over and above the usual operations of the ball club. Way back in my New Haven days, and later in Baltimore, I conceived the idea of bringing together former baseball stars for an annual oldtimers' day. I continued this after I became general manager of the Yankees. At one time or another our guests at the Stadium included every living member of the Hall of Fame and oldtime stars of practically every other major league club as well as the Yankees. It has always been a thrill to have the privilege of entertaining these great stars, a number of whom have since passed on. I'll never forget how some of them came to me with tears in their eyes, expressing their pleasure at having been brought together from the past to meet old friends and be honored again. Old-Timers' Day in New York has become one of the great baseball institutions.

Our trip to Japan in 1955 was one never to be forgotten. President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles both praised it for its great and favorable effect on American-Japanese relations at a critical time. Casey insisted on the club's playing to win, which it did—the only game not won was a 1-1 tie on a foggy day in a town called Sendai, up to the north of Tokyo.

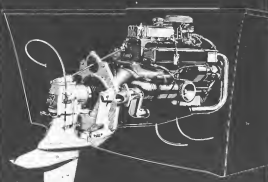
Yankee successes also dispelled the myth that a show based on baseball could not be successful. *Duke Yankies*, directed by George Abbott, played more than 1,000 performances on Broadway and it is still being shown on the screen.

On the field, of course, which was always most important, there are some things nobody can ever take away. Five successive world championships under Stengel—that's a record never equaled, and it was only approached by McCarthy's four in a row. Ten straight pennants were missed by the strange circumstance that 103 games in 1954—Casey's "winningest" year—were, unfortunately, only enough to bring us in second. In 1949, as mentioned before, McCarthy missed eight straight when on the next-to-last day of the season we were nosed out for the flag.

Perhaps, finally, I'm most proud of the fact that Casey and I, in leaving, have been able to turn over to our successors a club that should keep right on winning, in keeping with the great Yankee tradition. **END**

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HOCKEY / *Kenneth Rudeen*

The Leafs' winning punch

That's George Imlach, the man
behind the man wrestling
the NHL title from Montreal

Almost unbelievably, as professional hockey's big race approached its end last week, the Toronto Maple Leafs were leading the Montreal Canadiens. What's more, the Leafs gave every indication of getting in first at the finish.

Unlike Beat-'em-Bues Pittsburgh or Galtie Montreal, which adores the Habs when they win and hates them when they lose, good gray Toronto has maintained a cool aplomb in the face of its team's triumphs. After all, the townspeople could argue, the Leafs' manager planned it that way. They are talking about George (Punch) Imlach, a man who has his city's own unearthly calm in his bones. Imlach runs the Leafs like a combination geriatric ward, rescue mission and finishing school.

"A hockey player isn't a machine," says Punch. "You can't press a button and make him grind along the same way every time. You have to develop

him. If you give up on a man, he senses it and it hurts him."

One of Imlach's most useful forwards today is Eddie Shack, the unpredictable individualist traded off by the Rangers as uncoachable early this season.

As it happens, Shack somehow managed to get through his youth in 20th century Canada without learning how to read or write, and much of his intransigence was the result of sensitivity about this lack. When Imlach picked him up Eddie diffidently brought up the matter of his near illiteracy. In his casually profane way, Imlach replied that he didn't hire Shack to be his adjectival secretary, but if Shack wanted to play hockey, he'd be glad to give him a try.

By last week an ever more confident Imlach had scored 13 goals for Toronto—four more than in his best full season in New York—and was taking a regular turn on a line with the veteran Bert Olmstead and everybody's rookie of the year, Dave Keon.

Winger Olmstead, a flaming competitor, is one of Imlach's prize old-timers. Another is Goalie Johnnie



TORONTO COACH COOLLY EYES THE ICE FROM BEHIND BENCH IN MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

Bower, who says he's 36 but may be 40 (Imlach doesn't care which). Another is Center Red Kelly, once a superstar on defense for the great postwar Detroit Red Wings. Imlach plucked the aging Kelly from Detroit last season chiefly because he had no one to handle the Canadiens' awesome center Jean Beliveau. As a bonus, Kelly proved to be the key that unlocked the potential of the Leafs' top scorer, Frank Mahovlich (SI, Jan. 30).

The Big M himself, now just 23, is naturally the pick of Imlach's youth group, which is the largest and best in the league. Dave Keon, 20, with 19 goals already in his first big league year, has the makings of a major star, as does Carl Brewer, 22, a truculent, fast-skating defenseman. Center Bob Pulford is a superior hockey man at 24; Larry Hillman, a Boston castoff, a blossoming defenseman of the same age.

It is with this fragile merchandise that Imlach is at his best. "You can never expect a youngster to carry your team," he says. "At first he's fighting just to stay in the league. If you give him too big a load, he can't develop normally."

Punch Imlach, however, doesn't just sit around being patient and understanding during the development process. If it seems to be lagging, he has a tongue that can sting or inspire as the occasion demands. He has, besides this, a rare ability to keep track of all 12 men on a hockey rink at once, a fling cabinet memory and an implacable optimism.

"He preaches a strange religion," says the veteran Toronto Sportswriter Red Burnett, musing on Imlach's devotion to the shopworn dictum that a team unwilling to be beaten can't be beaten, "but it seems to work."

"I believe that nothing is impossible," growled superealesman Imlach the other day, his blue eyes glinting. "I believe you can do anything you want to do. You can't just sit back and say you're losing because of circumstances. When I came here the team was down, and I said, 'The hell with it. I don't like these circumstances. Let's make new ones.'"

Imlach has been altering circumstances for the better all his life. Born to industrious Scots immigrant parents, Imlach started his professional career, like a model Alger hero, as an 88-a-week bank clerk, rose to teller, left to join the army in World War

continued

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HOCKEY continued

II, worked his way up from the ranks to a commission.

In hockey he was first a player, then player-coach, then manager-coach and finally manager-coach-part owner of the Quebec Aces, then an amateur team, now a professional one in the city of Quebec. Next came a year as boss of the so-so minor league Springfield hockey team, which he coaxed into a playoff series on the 68th game of a 70-game season.

Three years ago Imlach joined last-place Toronto as assistant general manager. Director Staff Smythe had at first intended to hire Wren Blair, coach of a Canadian amateur team that had regained the world hockey title from Russia, but found Blair's terms unacceptable. He turned to Imlach as a second choice.

Up, up, up

Within a few months, however, the new assistant was promoted to general manager. Alarmed over the Leafs' slump under Coach Billy Reay, Manager Imlach took over the coaching himself and fight-talked the team into fourth place and the Stanley Cup playoffs on the very last night of the 70-game season. The following year he boosted the Leafs all the way up to second place.

Imlach still wears the hats of both coach and manager and thus has the peculiarly delicate task of sacking the utmost of his players on the ice after sparring with them at contract time. So far this has seemed to work surprisingly well, although there were rumors of disaffection this season over Imlach's alleged Scotch thrift.

Imlach says the rumors are wrong. "I respect a man for fighting hard for his contract," he declares. "I hope he fights just as hard on the ice."

It is a matter of record that the Leafs have fought surpassingly well for him this season. Whether they like him or not is another matter and one probably immaterial to Imlach. Certainly they respect him.

Toronto kids, who are considerably more emotional about hockey than their good, gray elders, not only like to love him. One who got his autobiography on a broken Leaf hockey stick not long ago looked up worshipfully and said, "Punch, you're a nice man."

"When I'm winning," said Punch evenly. "When I'm winning." **END**



THROUGH THE STRETCH, FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOLDS HIS LEAD AS RONNIE'S ACE (8) MOVES UP ON OUTSIDE TO FINISH SECOND

Four-and-Twenty, skiddoo!

Though strictly a front runner, this well-bred colt is now the West's Derby favorite

In horse racing everyone loves a courageous front runner as much as boxing fans admire a cocky fighter whose attitude is, "Go ahead and hit me if you can." At Santa Anita last week a crowd of 47,088 discovered—and immediately fell in love with—a front-running, cocky Thoroughbred whose sensational performance in winning the Santa Anita Derby will send him east next month as an almost sure favorite to win another derby, the one at Churchill Downs.

The new darling of the West (although he is Kentucky-bred) is a chunky, rather than classic, colt named Four-and-Twenty. He is bred, as horsemen say, to be any sort, being by Blue Prince (a son of Princequillo) out of a mare named Sixpence II, who was once the best 2-year-old filly in Ireland and England and is a full sister to Ballydam, sire of the late Bally Ache. The name comes from the line in the old nursery rhyme: "Four-and-twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie."

Four-and-Twenty is about as dainty as Rocky Graziano in a grudge fight. But he's just about as exciting to watch. His colors are the purple and white of Canada's Alberta Ranches, Ltd., a nine-year-old stable owned by two wealthy sportsmen, Publisher G. Max Bell and Utilities Executive Frank McMahon.

In the saddling enclosure before the Santa Anita Derby a well-wisher said to Bell, "I see you're going into this with both barrels today, Max." The reference, of course, was to the Alberta entry of Flutterby and Four-and-Twenty. For a month now, the stretch-running Flutterby has been the big hope of Californians looking for the answer to Florida's Carry Back. He looked like the best western contender in years, especially after Johnny Longden rode him to victory in the San Felipe.

But a week before the Derby, 54-year-old Longden and his 30-year-old son Vance (the only trainer who boasts that he takes orders from his jockey) set railbirds on their ears by sending out Four-and-Twenty against a classy field in just his third start. He won in near-record time. "I knew then," said Father John, "that I'd have to ride him in the Santa Anita Derby instead of Flutterby. Why? Well, because this colt goes in there to run, and he doesn't care who's in with him. Flutterby can run when he wants to, but he can also say to hell with it if he doesn't want to run." The Longdens didn't pick any apprentice for Flutterby. They called on Eddie Arcaro. With a combined age of 99 in a young man's game, Longden and Arcaro made their appearance in the paddock more like guest stars on a Sophie Tucker show than two of the greatest riders in the sport. And they very nearly made it a smashing one-two victory.

The strategy was for Four-and-

Twenty, who has never done anything in his life but run from the gate as far and as fast as he can, to do exactly that. Flutterby was to lay off the pace, as usual, and come along in the stretch to overtake any tiring front runners, including his own stablemate, if Four-and-Twenty faded.

It never happened. Four-and-Twenty blasted away from the gate and held his lead all the way. Rex Ellsworth's Olden Times was closest to him up the backstretch but, as Johnny Longden commented later, "I was never really worried about him." Flutterby waited to move as they rounded the far turn, but Four-and-Twenty didn't need his help. Turning for home, he faltered slightly, possibly because of the unaccustomed noise of a roaring crowd, and then settled down again under some Longden strong-arm work to win by nearly a length from the long shot, Ronnie's Ace. Flutterby finished a strong third.

It isn't likely that Four-and-Twenty is a flash in the pan. He's too good for that. In four starts he has never been beaten, but what makes his latest victory so impressive is that he was going a distance for the first time in his life and that he won his race against good company in exceptional time: 22%, 45%, 1:09%, 1:35% and a final clocking of 1:48, the second fastest in Santa Anita Derby history. "He looks to me, in his action and way of going," added Johnny Longden, "a little like Swaps—and you know what he did."

END

The field against the Buckeyes

Last year's champion, Ohio State, is this year's best bet for the NCAA title

When the basketball season began four months ago the essential question was, "Can anyone beat Ohio State?" This week, as 24 of the country's best teams get set for the NCAA championship, the question is all but answered. No one has beaten the Buckeyes yet, and it will be surprising if Ohio State doesn't win its second straight national championship at Kansas City with the same ease that it went through the entire regular season.

Ohio State is the best college basketball team of all time. There is no better college center than methodical, deadpan Jerry Lucas. He was an All-America as a sophomore, was a

standout on the U.S. Olympic team and has improved since then. He handles a basketball casually and confidently, as if it were no bigger than a grape, and goes about his own court business with the emotionless majesty of a Supreme Court judge.

John Havlicek is a ferocious defensive player whose forte is stopping the opposition's offensive stars. He revels in such personal combat. In a time-out at a recent game a trainer tried to wipe away the blood streaming from a cut on Havlicek's knee. "Leave it there," said Havlicek. "It's good luck."

The team's playmaker is Larry Siegfried. He is a big guard (6 feet 4 inches), adept at spotting weaknesses and capable of capitalizing on them. He has an excellent outside shot and likes to drive around any opponent who guards him closely.

Coached by Fred Taylor, a de-

manding perfectionist, Ohio State is above all confident and smart. In winning 23 straight games this year it has faced teams that tried to run it to death, and ran over them instead; has met slow creep-and-crawl attacks, and showed it could creep and crawl much better. Against all opposition the team shooting average is magnificent: Lucas .614, Havlicek .558, Siegfried .462, Mel Nowell .479, Richie Hoyt .456.

In a season that included one or more games against such top teams as Iowa, Purdue, Indiana, St. Louis, Detroit and St. Bonaventure, OSU had only two close calls, a two-point win over the Bonnies in New York and a one-point defeat of Iowa at Iowa.

The most significant game, as far as opponents in the NCAA are concerned, was the 100-85 defeat of Indiana. There, with a variety of personal grudges involved, Ohio State showed how it plays when it wants desperately to win. Without displaying a flicker of excitement, it calculatingly crushed Indiana. OSU could be expected to play the same way in the last two rounds of the NCAA.

If Ohio State is to be beaten, the defeat almost certainly has to come in these last two rounds. As the NCAA draw (right) shows, Ohio State should have a relatively easy time of it until March 24 at Kansas City. Ohio University, the Ohio Valley Champion (Morehead State, Eastern Kentucky and Western Kentucky will hold a playoff) and the at-large team, which is yet to be picked, are all outclassed. Louisville recently lost four of five, and neither Kentucky nor Vanderbilt, which will hold a playoff for the Southeastern Conference spot, should bother OSU.

But the eastern team which Ohio State must face in the Kansas City semifinals will be no patsy. Unfortunately, the pairings in the East, the strongest single division of the tournament, are preposterous. Three of the weakest teams, Princeton, George Washington and St. Joseph's, are in one bracket, while three strong ones, St. Bonaventure, St. John's and Wake Forest, are in the other. Only one of the strong trio will even reach the quarter-finals, where it ought to win easily and go to Kansas City. But which of the three? Logic dictates that it should be St. Bonaventure. With lean and languid Tom Stich, the All-America who averages 30

10 OF THE TOURNAMENT'S BEST



JERRY LUCAS

OHIO STATE

Big Ten
W 33 L 0
Coach Taylor

Beautifully balanced attack with starters averaging .494 of their field-goal tries. Prefers a fast break, but is not rattled when forced to slow down. Defensive star John Havlicek covers most dangerous foe.



TOM STICH

ST. BONAVENTURE

Independent
W 22 L 3
Coach Donovan

Used a fast break to become country's highest-scoring team. Has aggressive defense designed to force errors. Rebounds poorly. Vulnerable when facing team that moves ball upcourt quickly.



BOB WEISENBORN

CINCINNATI

Rineer Valley
W 33 L 3
Coach Jacker

Off to a slow start, the Bearcats soon learned to concentrate on their defense, winning 18 straight. Use a cautious offense that depends on getting ball to 6-foot-9 Paul Hogue in post, Weisenborn's shooting.



JOHN RUDOMETKIN

USC

PAC-8
W 19 L 5
Coach Twogood

Gets maximum benefit from tough rebounding that can crush morale of opponents who don't relish body contact. Neil Edwards, excellent outside shot, keeps foes from concentrating defense on Rudometkin.

NCAA CHAMPIONSHIP PAIRINGS

EAST REGIONALS

George Washington
N.Y., March 14
Princeton
N.Y., March 14
Rhode Island
N.Y., March 14
St. Bonaventure
N.Y., March 14
Wake Forest
N.Y., March 14
St. John's

Charlotte, March 17
St. Joseph's

Charlotte, March 19

Charlotte, March 17

Kansas City, March 24

MIDEAST REGIONALS

Ohio University
Louisville, March 14
Louisville
Louisville, March 17
Ohio Valley Champion
Louisville, March 14
Member-at-Large
Louisville, March 17
Southeastern Champion

Louisville, March 17

Ohio State

Louisville, March 19

Louisville, March 17

Southeastern Champion

Kansas City, March 25

MIDWEST REGIONALS

Texas Tech
Lawrence, Kans., March 17
Cincinnati
Lawrence, March 19
Marquette
Houston, March 15
Houston
Lawrence, Kans., March 17
Kansas State

Lawrence, Kans., March 17

Cincinnati

Lawrence, March 19

Lawrence, Kans., March 17

Kansas State

Kansas City, March 24

WEST REGIONALS

Skyline Champion
Portland, March 17
West Coast Champion
Portland, March 19
Border Champion
Portland, March 15
Member-at-Large
Portland, March 17
U.S.C.
Portland, March 15
Member-at-Large

Portland, March 17

West Coast Champion

Portland, March 19

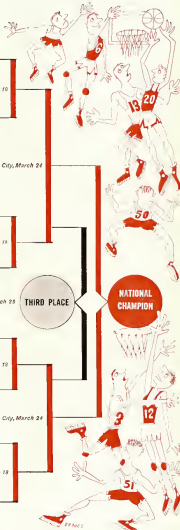
Portland, March 17

Portland, March 15

Member-at-Large

THIRD PLACE

NATIONAL
CHAMPION



points a game, and the highest-scoring offense in the country, the Bonnies have ranked second nationally for weeks. But their fast-break offense and frantic, pressing defense may have left this team too tired for a tournament grind.

Wake Forest is a surprising and strong entry from the Atlantic Coast Conference. When its two little 5-foot 11-inch guards, Billy Packer and Alley Hart, are hitting from outside to help huge (6 feet 8, 340 pounds) Len Chappell, this team looks very good. But it must beat both St. Bonaventure and St. John's to stay in the tournament. St. John's has been winning impressively of late (eight in a row). It plays Wake Forest at Madison Square Garden, its home court, and could carry the impetus of a win there down to Charlotte. St. John's does not play its best on the road, however, and is severely hampered if Tony Jackson, its high-scoring jump shot, is closely guarded.

In the Midwest the NCAA has made two good at-large selections, Marquette and Houston, but neither appears up to beating Kansas State, which probably will face Cincinnati in an intriguing clash of styles at Lawrence, Kans. on March 18. Cincinnati started the season like a team expecting help from a ghost of the previous year, Oscar Robertson. But after losing three of its first eight, it turned to quick, short passes and

fewer shots, blossomed into a strong defensive team that dogs opponents with a switching man-to-man. It has won its last 18 in a row while playing in a tough conference. The Cincinnati offense depends on getting the ball to 6-foot 9-inch Paul Hogue in the pivot, and the team's weakness is that Hogue sometimes isn't there. He draws many unnecessary fouls and has had to sit out parts of important games.

In Kansas State, Cincinnati would be meeting another team with a good defense. Shooting only 38% this year, State has bothered the opposition so much with an aggressive defense that it has allowed foes to shoot only 36%. "Defense has saved our hides," says Coach Tex Winter. Larry Comley, a junior forward, is a good scorer, though he does shoot too much. Kansas State has a rather lamentable history in tournament play, and may well find Cincinnati too rough.

In the West there are two at-large teams to be selected, but neither will be a contender. Only the Skyline Conference champion has a good chance of blocking USC's road to Kansas City. Utah and Colorado State tied for the Skyline title when State boxed in Utah's "Billy the Hill" McGill in a season finale Saturday at Colorado. If the 6-foot 9-inch McGill, who jump-shoots like a forward, hooks like a center and dribbles like a guard, can help Utah win the playoff game, then USC could expect to face Utah in the best game

of the year west of the Continental Divide.

USC would try to counteract McGill with John Rudometkin, its big Russian center who flows about the basket as if dancing the lead in *Serenade*. The Russian will get help from Chris Appel, the son of a French newspaperman who has twice led the team in scoring in the past week, and a defense that makes up in power what it lacks in finesse.

Mention also should be made of two teams that for reasons of social or athletic absurdity are not playing. Mississippi State, the Southeastern Conference champion, will not compete because state law forbids athletic contests against teams with Negroes. West Virginia, the best in the Southern Conference, is out because its conference championship is settled in a ridiculous postseason tournament. George Washington, a team with a 9-16 record, had a hot streak and beat out West Virginia.

The West Virginia defeat points out one thing. The ability of major college teams has reached the level where even a great one like Ohio State cannot afford to relax on a single night. This is the only solace for tournament coaches suffering from the Ohio State trauma. They know that man for man their teams are weaker. But they are hoping for that one big night that is bound to come for someone, when Ohio State is cold, and the someone gets very hot indeed.

END



LENN COMLEY

KANSAS STATE
Big Eight
W 30 L 4
Coach Winter

A strong-finishing team, with nine good men giving unusual depth. Combines deliberate offense with defense that picks up opponents at half court. Useful-court time very early in the third. Major weakness: poor shooting.



LEN CHAPPELL

WAKE FOREST
Atlantic Coast
W 17 L 10
Coach McKinney

Combines the great strength of Chappell, leading scorer in the ACC, with long jump shots by guards. Will fast-break, sometimes scoring in dramatic bursts which demonstrate inside focus. Needs outside shooting to win.



TED LUCKENBILL

HOUSTON
Independent
W 16 L 9
Coach Lewis

Good teamwork and shooting, but lack of big post man—6-foot-6 Luckenbill is tallest starter—has contributed to inconsistency. Defensive standout Gary Phillips, after slow start, has now added scoring punch to attack.



JACK EGAN

ST. JOSEPH'S
Mid-Atlantic
W 21 L 4
Coach Ramsey

Improved remarkably after bad start. Is aggressive, good ball-handling team, relies primarily on fast-moving patterns, sticky defense rebounding of 6-foot-6 Egan (also an able shooter) and 6-foot-8 Vince Krampton.



TONY JACKSON

ST. JOHN'S
Independent
W 10 L 4
Coach Legchick

Unusual basketball speed and ball handling, excellent rebounding, excellent defense, especially by greatly improved Leroy Ellis, complemented by long jump shooting by Jackson. Has tendency to make critical errors, however, when pressed.



JOHN TURNER

LOUISVILLE
Independent
W 15 L 7
Coach Hickman

Started fast, but tailed off badly when running game sputtered, defense weakened. A tall front court—6-foot-10 Fred Sawyer, 6-foot-7 Bud Olson, 6-foot-5 Turner, who is adept with fadeaway jump—make the attack.

Angels in the bushes

It's lively in the training camp of the brand-new Los Angeles club, but it's pleasantly relaxed, too

A year ago Bill Rigney was the fidgety, snappish manager of the San Francisco Giants, afraid of the lengthening shadows, touchy at the mere mention of his personal albatross, Candlestick Park. Now, in the soft, friendly air of Palm Springs, Bill Rigney, new manager of the new Los Angeles Angels, was a new man. Relaxed and smiling, he walked up to rookie Shortstop Jim Fregosi and draped both arms across his shoulders.

"Go on down to the batting cage, son," Rigney said warmly, "and just bust a few. Anytime that cage is open, you go down there and bust some. O.K.?" Fregosi, not used to such high-level attention, nodded uncomfortably and started toward the cage.

Rigney turned and trotted back to home plate, a broad smile on his face. He grabbed a fungo bat and began hitting grounders to the infielders. Minutes later he was behind the batting cage, leaning on the crosspiece in the time-honored stance of all managers. He stared intently at the procession of batters, yelling an occasional bit of encouragement. When Ken Hamlin bounced an imaginary hit between lasing infielders, Rigney straightened up. "Atta way, Kenny. Beautiful, just beautiful."

A sportswriter shook his head. "I don't know how Rigney does it," he said. "Every day he gets questions like 'How do you think the Angels will finish?'—and he never even gets annoyed. Shows you the difference between that Giant job and this one."

The Angels' camp is indeed different. "This isn't like going into camp with an established team," said veteran Del Rice. "No jobs are sewed up here, and everybody knows it." How many games did he figure on catching? "Just as damn many as I can,"

replied Rice, hustling into the batting cage. "All one fit—all one sixty-two."

Did Bill Rigney himself see any difference between this camp and those he ran with the Giants? "Well, we've got 20 or 30 guys who've never played together before. That gives the manager more to do, more people to concentrate on. He can't take anyone for granted. And when nobody knows for sure who's going to play, that adds a lot of incentive out there on the field."

Popular Klu

In the nest, chummy stands there were straw hats of every shape and size. There were walking shorts and tanned legs, Truman shirts and tanned arms, sunglasses and tanned cheeks. There were canes and crutches, too, and white, wrinkled noses supporting steel-rimmed spectacles.

The crowd was responsive. When Ted Kluszewski booted a grounder in practice the first-base fans hooted; when he missed a low, wide throw they booed. Then Klu ducked his head, stabbed with his mitt and came up with a short-hopping throw from the third baseman. The crowd laughed and Klu grinned and shuffled his spikes with embarrassed pleasure. "You don't see lively crowds like this too often in training," he said later. "Of course, they haven't seen baseball for a while."

Or maybe never—when a foul ball was hit into the stands a young man caught it and started to sit down. There was a smattering of protest, and suddenly everyone was shouting, "Throw it back!" "Throw it back!" repeated an astonished press-box inhabitant. His neighbors nodded sadly, and one said, "Yes, it happens all the time here." Sure enough, the more the young man hesitated the more the shouts continued. Finally, with a sheepish grin, he yielded to this new society and tossed the ball back onto the field.

END

USHER'S

"GREEN STRIPE"

The light,
smooth scotch



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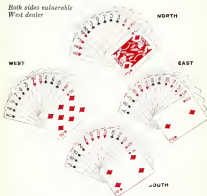


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

It pays to be bad

In the early days of my career I became indignant with bids that I felt were bad. But I soon mellowed. It dawned on me that bad bids (i.e., bids I wouldn't have made) frequently made good drama. Without them, a bridge script could be dull, like errorless baseball, which can become distressingly mechanical. Not infrequently the team that wins is one that uses tactics which are so daring that at first they appear suicidal. Similarly in bridge, seemingly unsound procedures may succeed because they also surprise. What lent the following hand its interest was the necessity for a good play imposed by a bad bid.

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	2 ♠	PASS	3 ♥
PASS	5 ♥	PASS	6 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of spades

The hand, which was played in a tournament, was subject to a wide variety of treatment both in the bidding and in the play, but the sequence of bidding that had the greatest number of adherents stopped at four

hearts. In most cases, 10 tricks were made; in one, even the four-heart contract was defeated.

At the one table where South found himself in the precarious position of having to fulfill a slam contract, North was so pleased with partner's three-heart response to his cue-bid in spades that he leaped to five hearts. Since South had been brought upon the scene perhaps unwillingly, North should have been more chary of assuming this risk. If fortune had imposed a bust band on South, 11 tricks would have been out of reach. Yet South contracted for slam without any qualms. This made sense. His partner having offered to produce 11 tricks singlehanded, South could consider the ace of hearts as the surprise card that could bring in the 12th trick.

When the king of spades was opened, South would have been willing to call the whole thing off. Indeed, one declarer, who simply didn't know what to do next after trumping the opening spade lead with dummy's heart 4, managed to get set at his game contract. Most players brought home 10 tricks by ruffing the spade, cashing the heart king, overtaking the queen with the ace and leading a club. In addition to losing one club, they had to concede a spade to East's ace and a trick to East's 10 of trumps, but they did manage to make the game.

Playing for a slam, however, our South had to find a plan that offered some hope of 12 tricks, no matter how great the risk. He did it by trusting in good breaks and in East's holding one crucial card—the 10 of hearts.

The opening spade was ruffed with dummy's jack of hearts. The king of hearts was cashed, then a low heart was led, and when East did not play the 10, declarer finessed the 9, which held. A club was led toward dummy. West ducked, and the king held. A low club was returned, and West won with the queen. He followed with a spade, forcing dummy's queen of trumps. A low club from dummy, ruffed in the closed hand, established the suit. The last trump was drawn, the jack of diamonds was discarded, and the rest of the dummy was high.

Needless to say, this was a top score on the deal. However, I fear that it cost North a great many points in future play by failing to punish him for his optimism.

EXTRA TRICK

If you are looking for experience in playing difficult contracts, get yourself an optimist for a partner. **END**

THE BIG FIGHT

continued from page 10

difficult to get a long, complex combination at work on Johansson because of his swift retreat and the sharp angle of his body, he did get to him in the second fight and there seems to be no reason to believe he will not get to him again, unless "toonder and lightning" can strike twice in the same place and early. Furthermore, Floyd was a heavier, sturdier fighter in the second fight; he weighed 190 compared to 182. This did not seem to slow him down; on the contrary, it added both punching power and the ability to withstand punches. Floyd probably will be even heavier this time. When he started to taper off his training on February 25 he weighed 197. "I have been striving," he said then, "to get someplace, and today I realized that the reason I couldn't get there is that I was already there. I felt this way three weeks before the first fight . . . but I kept going." Although gym workouts are sometimes misleading, Floyd has been felling his sparring partners regularly and, interestingly, more often with a right than a left. However, it is difficult, because of Ingemar's fighting posture, to hit him with a right except at very short range.

The third fight is not what horseplayers call a fuzzy, or a cinch. Whitey Bimstein, Ingemar's trainer, says, "Never underestimate a puncher." At the same time, Whitey despairs of getting Ingo to get the lower part of his body behind his punches. "Foreigners," he says, hopelessly, "punch from the waist up." Attitude, Patterson says, is at least as important in a fight as ability. Floyd underestimated Ingo the first time, and Ingo underestimated Floyd the second time, but both will have the proper respect on Monday. Floyd, that singular tiger of 1960, concedes that he cannot be as "vicious" as he was last year. Nor will Ingo be the trusting lamb. But, purpose being equal and souls wary, skill should carry the night. Floyd has a greater arsenal of heavy, effective weapons, his hands move much more quickly if his feet don't, he is bigger than ever and he is smart. Against all this is Ingemar's right, a will-o'-the-wisp defense and, as a manager who sneered at foreign fighters once said, "the jabski and the blockeroo." It

is not enough. The knockout may occur even sooner than last time.

When Floyd was young he used to like to go to Coney Island and ring the bell. One night, walking down Collins Avenue, looking with wonder at what he calls the "ritzy" hotels, Floyd recalled that he was able to ring the bell every time. A few years ago, he said, he went back to Coney with his wife Sandra and stood wistfully by the concession, itching to try his hand. "Why don't you?" Sandra urged. "You know you can." Floyd said he turned away and hasn't been back to Coney since. "Suppose I hadn't rung the bell," he said. "I am the heavyweight champion of the world. A lot of people were there watching." A lot of people will be at Convention Hall Monday watching and waiting for the bell to ring.

If it does, young Cassius Clay can write another poem. "I'm the greatest," Cassius says. "But then, I'm just young and talkative. My daddy says that when I get a little older

I'll quit talking so much. I want to break Patterson's record and be the youngest to win the heavyweight championship." "You'll break your head," his trainer, Angelo Dundee, says sourly. "It rhymes," says Cassius blithely and recites his poem:

"You can talk about Sweden, you can talk about Rome,
But Rockville Centre is Floyd Patterson's home.
A lot of people said that Floyd couldn't fight
But they should've seen him on that comeback night.
Round five, Floyd and Johansson came out fighting pretty fast.
Floyd knocked Johansson dead on the pads."

... And in Las Vegas

There are no clocks in Las Vegas, and the casinos might as well be moored deep in the sea, for there are no windows to find the day, the night or the weather. But time, the old wolf, howls

continued



BETWEEN TRAINING SESSIONS, JOHANSSON GRINS AS HE TRIES ON MIAMI-STYLE HAT



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at the door, the cherries on the slot machines don't come up in a row any more and Sugar Ray Robinson found at 39 that you don't need a clock or a window to tell time. "I just wasn't there tonight," he said last Saturday in Vegas after Gene Fullmer soundly beat him to retain the NBA middle-weight title. All that remained was a smile that can, like the Cheshire cat's, still light up half the world. Indeed, Robinson has become something of a folk hero in his middle age. "All the old ladies are for me," he says. And Fullmer said, "He just gave me that knowing smile," when asked if Ray had said anything to him after the fight. There was nothing to say. Ray did not fight poorly; it was just that Gene fought too well and was too strong and too young.

If there was a point in the bloody fight when this became clear it was late in the third round. Robinson, moving lightly, had won the first two rounds—well, certainly the first—and had cut Fullmer along the left eye midway through the third. Then Gene hit him with a first-rate right hand on the jaw, his best punch of the night, and left Ray shocked and helpless against the ropes. He remained there, slumped against them, absolutely motionless, while Fullmer cuffed his sagging face with hook upon hook, holding his head at times with one hand, as one holds a baby's head to feed him, while he hit him with the other. Gene fought on beyond the bell, which rang like a telephone in an empty apartment. The referee did not hear it either. He stood fascinated by the spectacle.

Empty punches

Ray endured. But after that, though his legs carried him through the rounds, he was vanishing. The power was gone from his punches. "They were all arm," Fullmer said. "They looked good but they didn't hurt." Fullmer pursued Robinson incessantly, never letting him rest, hitting him with curious, childish jabs, giving him great thumps to the body in the clinches and whacking him with his sapping right. "I went in a little too steady," he said afterwards. "I kept the pressure on too much instead of fighting cobra style, in and out. But this is the kind of fight I should've fought last time." Last time

was a draw in Los Angeles in December. Fullmer attributed the draw to his manager's conservatism and, indeed, the manager, Marv Jensen, admitted, "Gene kept the championship in spite of me."

In the dressing room before the fight, Fullmer lay on his back in a blue suit, covered with towels, a cardboard box over his face. He looked like an elegant stiff. "Did you pass out, Gene?" one of his handlers asked him. "No, I'm still here," he said beneath the box, smiling. When he got up to undress he told a mild off-color joke with great amusement, and the last thing he did before he went out to fight was to do a little dance. "Mitsi Gaynor, she showed me a fancy one," he said, hoofing gaily to the door. This is Ray's act—an act, incidentally, which Fullmer, whose admiration for Robinson is restricted to the ring, wouldn't catch. "He ain't the kind of showman I'd go to see every night if he was playing at the casino. I wouldn't even go in Midvale." Midvale, apparently, is a town in Utah with short sidewalks.

In his last public workout, Sugar Ray fooled with a jazz band as it played *When My Sugar Walks Down the Street*, did a soft-shoe double with Eleanor Powell and asked the writers: "What are you guys going to do when I get out of boxing?" He did not seem unhappy that that time was near, for he said he didn't like fighting. Furthermore, he said he didn't like to go to fights. "I just don't find it interesting," said Sugar Ray to the writers. "Do you go to watch people write columns?"

The day before the fight, Ray was two pounds overweight. That afternoon he boxed three rounds in absolute secrecy but did not lose enough weight. At 10 o'clock that night he ran three miles in the desert in the dark. He went to bed at midnight and fell asleep at once. Ray didn't offer this as an alibi or a complaint. He doesn't look for excuses. His trainer, Harry Wiley, doesn't either. But, Wiley said sadly, "This subtracted strength." Wiley said that Ray hadn't wanted it known, but he felt compelled to talk about it.

Ray said he would reserve decision about whether he would retire. "I wanted to quit at the top," he said faintly. But you can't choose your endings any more than your beginnings. It's the cherries again. **END**



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

DANCE OF THE GYMS

While rural American youngsters are "tightrope walking" on railroad tracks or swinging in carefree abandon from gnarled tree limbs, boys and girls in the Soviet Union are learning cartwheels, somer-

saults and handstands in a strict athletic discipline. Gymnastics not only is a mandatory part of the Soviet school program, but there is a network of sports clubs across the nation that provides some 800,000 Russian gymnasts with peerless competition and coaching. All of which may explain why the Soviet gymnasts pictured on the following pages won over America's best in competition at West Chester (Pa.) State Teachers College and Pennsylvania State University during a tour of the U.S. in January. In the Russian view, the brisk execution of a gymnastic routine is not sufficient: the exercise must be fluidly beautiful as well as precise. The complexity of a gymnast's movement is bounded solely by his imagination and ability. As John Zimmerman's photographs show, the resultant concert of motion, simultaneously demanding strength, coordination, agility and daring, makes gymnastics both a sport and a dance.

AN OLYMPIAN FEAT *is made to seem casual by Albert Azaryan, shown here executing the Iron Cross. Azaryan's charm and easy smile captivated all crowds.*





GRACE OF A GODDESS is evoked in split jump by Polina Astakhova, atop a balance beam only four inches wide.

EFFORTLESS AGILITY is demonstrated by Valeri Kerdemididi, youngest Soviet gymnast, in dismount from beam.

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Drawings by Domenico Galdi

THE LOVE OF A DESERT PRINCE

by MAURICE DRUON
translated by Humphrey Hare

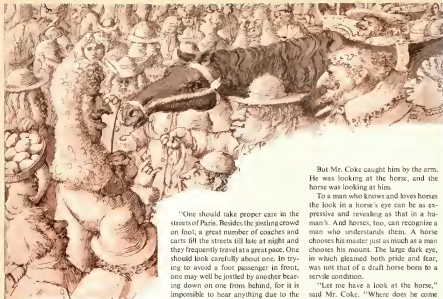
He was small but splendidly compact, his legs were slender but well-muscled, the feet delicate, the chest deep, the eyes of a velvet brown with long, black lashes, the nostrils short but well open, and there were nobility, pride and panache in his carriage. In short, he had quality as a horse that most men lack as men.

She—but I'll tell you about her later.

The story opens in Paris in the spring of 1730, on the afternoon of Corpus Christi, in the Gobelins district.

By tradition, the famous tapestry makers held an exhibition on that day not only of their celebrated collection but of the products of the past year; the walls of the great

continued



"One should take proper care in the streets of Paris. Besides the jostling crowd on foot, a great number of coaches and carts fill the streets till late at night and they frequently travel at a great pace. One should look carefully about one. In trying to avoid a foot passenger in front, one may well be jostled by another bearing down on one from behind, for it is impossible to hear anything due to the noise of the traffic."

DESERT PRINCE *continued*

courtyard were hung from top to bottom with the most sumptuous tapestries in the world. The exhibition was warmly recommended by *The Guide to Paris for Foreign Tourists*, though the author issued a warning: "I advise foreigners to be careful of their pockets, for, owing to the great crowd, one cannot tell next to whom one may be standing."

Mr. Coke, an English tourist, wearing the large wig of the period and a little round hat, was returning from the exhibition. He was not particularly knowledgeable about tapestries; indeed, he knew a great deal more about race horses. His arms swinging and his stomach making a comfortable curve of his waistcoat, Mr. Coke drifted with the crowd down the Rue Croulebarbe which, lined with market gardens, gave into the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. He gazed with appreciation at the pretty women in their striped dresses, which were still similar to those the late M. Watteau used to paint. Neither the noise nor the crowd surprised him; his guidebook had warned him about them.

And, indeed, Mr. Coke was not keeping his eyes sufficiently about him, for he was suddenly sent sprawling in the dust by a violent blow on the shoulder. A crowd immediately gathered around, but he got to his feet without much harm done and saw the cart that had knocked him over. It was a heavy water cart. Its driver, an *Auvergnat*, as were most water sellers, jumped down and helped Mr. Coke dust off his clothes.

"I'm sorry, monsieur," said the water seller, "it's this brute of a horse. He gets the bit between his teeth and I can't hold him. One day he'll kill someone and get me jailed."

He pointed to the horse between the shafts of the water cart. It was filthy dirty and so thin its bones stood out. It was covered with galls, and the bit was too big and heavy for it and was evidently hurting it.

"I made a bad bargain when I bought this damned brute," said the *Auvergnat*, raising his whip to relieve his anger.

But Mr. Coke caught him by the arm. He was looking at the horse, and the horse was looking at him.

To a man who knows and loves horses the look in a horse's eye can be as expressive and revealing as that in a human's. And horses, too, can recognize a man who understands them. A horse chooses his master just as much as a man chooses his mount. The large dark eye, in which gleamed both pride and fear, was not that of a draft horse born to a servile condition.

"Let me have a look at the horse," said Mr. Coke. "Where does he come from? How did you buy him?"

The water seller recognized the tourist's accent and at once began to address him as "my lord."

"You can look at him as much as you like. He was a bad bargain. I bought him because he came from the King's stables, or so I was told. But what use he was to the King, since he can't even pull a water cart, I'm damned if I know."

"The King's stables?" said the Englishman, who had as much difficulty in understanding the *Auvergnat's* accent as the *Auvergnat* had in understanding his. "How very strange! I didn't know the King of France had Arab horses. What's this one called?"

"Scham, and it's no name for a Christian horse."

Mr. Coke bent down and felt the horse's dusty legs. Then, straightening up, he looked at the formation of the shoulder, the depth of the chest and the set of the head.

"Will you sell him to me?"

"Sell him to you? On the spot, my lord!" cried the *Auvergnat*.

But he quickly had second thoughts. The horse had been a bad buy, of course, but he had paid a high price for him, and corn didn't come free; and besides,

he'd have to find another, and prices were rising.

In the end, the *Auvergnat* mentioned a sum that seemed to him huge—75 francs. Mr. Coke agreed to it without argument.

"What fools the English are!" the water seller thought that evening as he led Scham to the stables of the Hôtel d'Entraignes, in the Rue de Tournon.

The grooms of this luxury hotel for rich foreigners turned up their noses at having to carrycombs the thin, bay nag that looked as if it had been sleeping on a manure heap for months.

The next day Mr. Coke set about discovering Scham's history. The horse had already passed through several hands. Going from one owner to another, all small people who had used Scham in a harness and had had accidents with him, Mr. Coke eventually reached a groom at Versailles.

The *Auvergnat* had told the truth; Scham had indeed come from the royal stables. He had been part of a lot of eight Arab stallions sent as a present to Louis XV by the Bey of Tunis on the occasion of the signing of a commercial treaty two years before.

These small, strong horses, so difficult to ride if you did not know them, whose fine delicacy, far from being to the taste of the period, was considered a disadvantage, merely made the King shrug his shoulders. As it happened, he had never been able to find a horse to his liking, during the course of his life he had tried more than two thousand, of which none had suited him.

Since the King had merely shrugged his shoulders, the Master of the Horse had followed suit, and so had his underlings. The Arab stallions had been relegated to a corner of the stables and eventually given as presents to members of the court, who had in turn disposed of them.

And so Scham, that desert prince, the descendant of an ancestor known as Wings of the Wind, a present from a Mohammedan sovereign to King Louis, had ended up between the shafts of a water cart in the Rue Croisette.

At this time he probably was 6 years old. Though he had begun life in so high a position, had suffered so many vicissitudes and fallen so low, his true destiny was in fact only just beginning. He had crossed the Mediterranean in a Barbary galley but he was to cross the Channel in a good round ship; he had known the sands of Africa and the cobbles of Paris but he was now to tread the soft turf of England.

In London, Mr. Coke frequented the St. James's Coffee House, which was the fashionable resort of gamblers and racing men. Its proprietor, Mr. Roger Williams, owned race horses himself.

Mr. Coke sold Scham for 20 guineas to Williams, who put the young stallion out to grass for some time.

The desert prince was restored to his true appearance. He filled out; he recovered his long fluttering mane, his magnificent tail that fanned the ground, his big handsome croup, his chiseled muscles and silky coat, which was of such an intense brown bay that it looked almost black in the sunlight.

Horse racing had already become very fashionable in England; indeed, had been so for some 30 years past. But the horses were very unlike those of today. The ideal horse at that time was still very similar to the medieval war horse: Tall, heavy, strong enough to carry a great weight of armor, it made a noise like an avalanche when it galloped.

Mr. Williams of the St. James's Coffee House enjoyed a joke.

"I'm going to run 'The Nigger,'" he said, for that was the name he had given Scham.

But Scham had a sense of humor, too. Taken to the racecourse, he refused to start. Pressed a little too roughly with the spurs, he reared, bucked, threw his jockey and, shaking his long mane, galloped back to his stable.

Two or three more attempts were made, but in vain. In training and when alone, he promised wonderfully well and moved over the grass gallops like a black arrow, but as soon as he was matched against these big competitors he seemed outraged and became a danger to anyone who went near him.

"A bad business," said Mr. Williams, as he said King Louis XV, the Master of the Horse, the Versailles grooms, the water seller and Mr. Coke before him.

Mr. Williams was delighted to hand Scham over to one of his customers, Lord Godolphin, contenting himself with a small profit. The deal was made for 25 guineas.

To Lord Godolphin, formerly Lord of the Bedchamber to George I and Member of Parliament for Oxford, now a member of the House of Lords and son-in-law to the first Duke of Marlborough, whose daughter, Lady Henrietta Churchill, he had married, 25

guineas was a mere trifle, as indeed was a hundred or a thousand when it was a question of a horse. This highly civilized man had two passions, chess and racing; the second was to ruin him. He kept a large racing stable in Cambridgeshire; Scham was merely an exotic fancy.

"I'll send 'The Nigger' to Gog Magog," decided Lord Godolphin, who had, somewhat eccentrically perhaps, given his stud the name of the legendary giants in the Bible.

It is in the nature of the female to have a taste for the strange and the unusual, to be attracted by the foreign. The arrival of this handsome Oriental created a certain stir among the mares at Gog Magog. Seeing his fillies raise their heads and spread their nostrils wide as Scham went by, Lord Godolphin gave orders that the horse should earn his corn as a teaser. And for several months the horse, who was already known by the name of the Godolphin Arabian, that is, Lord Godolphin's Arab, was employed in this way.

When nuptials had been decided on at Gog Magog, the desert prince was brought to the mare to flirt with her and put her in the mood for love. And when the mare, charmed by the little black horse, seemed sufficiently disposed, the master stallion, the king of the stud, the great Hobgoblin, was brought to her. Complacent, huge, important, strutting a little in his fat, he came forward to do his duty as a sire with the minimum of effort. And the Godolphin Arabian had to retire before this imposing grandee whose pleasure he had prepared.

So humiliating a retreat was intolerable to so lively a horse, one whose blood was accustomed to conquest and who had developed so great a sense of his own honor, but a rein, firmly held by Lord Godolphin's stable lads, forced him away to a respectful distance.

Things went on like this till the day, the most memorable in the whole history of race horses, when a superb blonde, a golden chestnut of opulent conformation appeared before the Godolphin Arabian. Her name was Roxana.

Though she came from the royal stud—Lord Godolphin had paid 60 guineas for her—it did not prevent Roxana from immediately falling in love with the Oriental teaser. More intuitive, no doubt, than man, she had recognized royal blood in the Godolphin Arabian. And the desert prince from the very first moment showed a compelling and impetuous passion for the fair Roxana—a passion such as he had never shown before.

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tional age for a horse, he was buried in the stables of Gog Magog, in the passage between the boxes, at the very place from which he had fled to the woods with the blonde Rosana.

On his tombstone his name was graven and his chains were placed around it. Both the Moorish groom and the cat Grimalkin died in the following month.

Two centuries have gone by. There are no longer horses at Gog Magog, which now belongs to the Cambridge Preservation Society. Only an old, white-haired groom, the caretaker of the premises, still remembers the days when the stud farm resounded to the neighing of horses. From time to time he sweeps the Godolphin Arabian's tomb.

The Godolphin Arabian has had his biographers, his painters and his legend. George Stubbs, the great animal painter, made his portrait; Rosa Bonheur, in a picture called *The Duel*, painted his fight with Hobgoblin; Eugène Sue, socialist, racing man and one of the founders, with Milord l'Arsoulle, of the Jockey Club in Paris, made him the hero of a novel. And, finally, the supreme honor, a page of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

MAURICE DRUON

There are many versions of the story of the Godolphin Arabian, sire of Thoroughbreds, but it remained for a Frenchman to give it the special accent of romantic love. Maurice Druon, winner of the 1948 Goncourt Prize, is a writer of historical novels. Humphrey Hare translated The She-Wolf of France and other Druon works.

is devoted to the little desert prince and his descendants.

On every racecourse in the world, amid thronging crowds, run horses that are the objects of both pride and passion, on which countless thousands are staked and whose victories are headlined on the front pages of the newspapers, and there is not one horse among them that does not possess in his veins at least a drop of the blood of the Godolphin Arabian, of that king's horse who dragged a water cart, of that humiliated lover who triumphed and whom fate destined to be born on the shores of Carthage only to die at last among the fields of Cambridgeshire. **END**



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FOR
THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

BAGMINTON—**MARGERY SHEDD** of Toronto beat Jean Miller of Toronto 10-12, 11-3, 10-2 to win Canadian singles title for the fourth time, in Calgary. **ERLAND KOPS** of Denmark beat Robert McClog of Scotland 15-2, 15-12 to take

ADDITIONAL: Against Los Angeles, Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain scored 52 points for single-season mark. In 1974, in 71 games, he averaged 37.1 points, 27.2 rebounds, 4.4 assists and 2.6 steals per game. Detroit dropped three games to fall into last place in the Western Division, 16 games behind Cincinnati, with only four games left.

In the NHL, Deaver won its 12th straight (84-83 over Seattle) and the Western Division in the Deaver will play Cleveland in Deaver March 19 for the NHL championship.

BILLIARDS—STAN ADAMS of Chicago won 13 straight matches to take the national amateur three-cushion championship in Minneapolis. Deuce game against Gerald Olsen of New York (runner-up with a 12-1 record) went 86 innings. Adams won 50-25.

BOXING—GENE FULLMER, more aggressive than in his last fight with Sugar Ray Robinson, kept the pressure on in their fourth match, won a 12-round decision over Robinson to retain his middleweight title in bout in Las Vegas (see page 22).

BOY HARRIS of Cal and Shout, Texas, after losing three straight, was over Dave Kent of England, who was disqualified for hitting in the fifth round of 10 round bout in Houston.

COURT TENNIS—The brother team of NORTH-
RUP and SKYMOOR KNOX of Aiken, S C and
Buffalo, N Y defeated defending champions
Robert Grant III and Almar Martin of New
York 6-1, 6-4, 6-5, 6-3 for the national doubles
title in 1950.

SEC SHOW—CH. PINETOP'S FANCY PARADE. an Aunt nodder spanned, won best-in-show at Hunt of America AE Bred show in Kansas City. Fancy Parade is owned by William J. Luffman and Mrs. Rose Rabbings of Petersburg, Va., and was handled by Maxine Austin of Dallas.

FIELD TRIALS—WARHOOP JAKE II, four-year-old white-and-liver pointer owned by John O'Neal Jr. of Knoxville, Tenn. and Joe Brann of Elba, Ala., won the National Shooting Dog championship at Union Springs, Ala.

GOLF—DOUG SANDERS led all the way in the \$30,000 Greater New Orleans Open to win his first tournament since 1958. Sanders shot a 272 for 72 holes, four strokes under Clay Brewer Jr. of Crystal River, Fla. and Max Matis of Danville, Va.

HOCKEY—TORONTO held first, two points ahead of Montreal, Chicago, with a 3-1 victory over New York, clinched a Stanley Cup playoff berth.

DENVER UNIVERSITY drafted Colorado College [3-8] to end the season with a 17-1 WCHA record. Even to begin history, Denver's Jerry Walker scored three goals and three assists to push an season total to 33 points. Penn WCHA's Mike Gartner, who had 25 goals and 25 assists, played 17-4, Michigan Tech 3-11, North Dakota 7-16-3, Michigan State 3-15, Colorado College 4-8-1. In the East, Harvard defeated Princeton 3-2 to finish its ninth Ivy League title in eight years. Cornell lost to Princeton 4-3 in Providence. In the first three rounds through the playoffs, without a win/loss game, Philip LaRoche of Montreal, Middlebury College captain and right wing, set three NCAA records, set a season total of 108 points, a goal record of 81 and a four-season record.

In the world championships at Geneva the U.S. defending champions, lost their first three games, 2-15 to Russia, 1-4 to Czechoslovakia, and 4-7 to Canada. Canada and Russia, co-favorites for the title, each won their first three games.

HORSE RACING—FOUR-AND-TWENTY
 (H-40), last running from start to finish, won \$1,215.10 Santa Anita Derby by a length over *Blackie*. See last page (H-1). The *Affirmed* handicapper, who rode in five starts, ran the 1 1/4 mile in 1:16, without a break-up.

BARK (H-40), from last second the outside to best horse *Loyal Son* by a length in the \$51,790 Louisiana Derby at Fair Grounds in New Orleans. *Golden Breeze*, *Goldenrod*, the 2-

year-old gelding covered the 1 1/8 mile in 1:30 1/5.
RE CAUTIONS (\$19,301 under Bob Ussery, slipped through a hole on the rail to win the \$26,100 Black Horse Handicap at Hialeah by 5/4 of a length over Tennessee. Joseph Sorbing's 4-year-old ran the 1 1/8 mile in 1:26 4/5.

LED-ONE RACING—LEO KRISKA of Koyukuk on the Yukon River in western Alaska, won the Tri-State world championship near Anchorage. Kriska's elapsed time for the three 24-mile heats was 1:22:10. Runner-up, Dr. Roland Lombard, Wayland, Mass., in 1:22:4.

[illegible]

WAS A FEAT—It has there and has U.S. sweet for the Knights of Columbus at Mount Carmel, Garden, Ramon's Valley, Bramel as a world indoor high jump record of 7 feet 3 1/4 inches. Boston University's John Thomas had another had night, raised at seven feet. George Kerr of Jamaica set a world indoor record in the 600-yard run with a snail 1:48.3. Hungary's Istvan Kovacs won the second-round indoor mile at 4:49.8, only 4/10 second slower than the world record. Kovacs and Kovacs are a world record in the 1,500 meters in 3:45.6. The Davis of Philadelphia set a fourth world mark, did 52 feet 1 inch in the hop, and

and jump, 34 inches better than the old record set last year by Davis' teammate, Bill Sharpe. Jerry Richard of Berkeley, Calif. ran the 1,000 yards in 2:08.5, and Don Bragg reached 15 feet 7 1/2 inches in the pole vault, both meet records. In the Far West Classic in Portland, Oregon, Coach of the University of Oregon ran the 80-yard dash in six seconds to tie the world record for this distance.

State's Best all-around performer was Tennessee State's Ralph Boston, who won the broad jump with a leap of 25 feet 7 1/2 inches, the 60-yard high hurdles in 7 1/4, and placed second in high jump at Washington State's Hank Wythorny, who did a 6-foot 9 inches. Daryl Burdette, of Oregon, won the

In the BIC TEN championship at Champaign, Ill., Dave Mills, a Funder player, set a world indoor record in the 440 in 45.2. Mielage, with five victories in the 15 events, won the Big Ten title for the third straight year with 69 points. hawaii.com features more than 30 points. If you're not

runner-up Indiana with 20 points. Kansas won its ninth **BIG NIGHT** championship in 11 years, 61 points to runner-up Oklahoma's 34½ points, at Kansas City.

Yale won the Hexpagonal Games at Ithaca with 58 points. Navy was second with 37 points.

WRESTLING—MICHIGAN STATE upset Michigan in the Big Ten championships at East Lansing, Mich., beat the Wolverines, defending champions and seven-time team winners, 65-52.

national junior college championships at Farmingdale, N.Y., 192-17 over Mesa College of Grand Rapids, Colo.

REPORTS—ENGAGED. PETE DAWKINS, 22, former West Point All-American and current All-star apple at Oxford, to Judy Wright of Oxon Hill, Md., kindergarten teacher and former University of Maryland student. "We've been engaged since last May," Dawkins said, "but we've been keeping it pretty quiet." The couple plans to marry at West Point in July.

RETIRED JON HENDRICKS, 26, of Australia, 1986 Olympic 100-meter freestyle champion, from the University of Southern California swimming team. "I'm about over the hill," Hendricks explained. "Swimming is a young man's

DICK PLATT ADAMS, 76, winner of the 1912 Olympic standing high jump, at Normandy Beach, N.J. Adams won the now-discontinued Olympic event with a jump of 2 feet 4½ inches.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3—Audrey by B.E. Chomsky 3—Jerry, Cooke, Bob East
Mama Hanks 4F 35, 31—Anne and Mary Margaret,
Central Park 4F 22, 23—Pax Posing 24—A-F
25—Dean Reed 24—Patty Mullen 27—Overing by
Bulldog 28, 29—Gene Pyle 30, 31—Imvivi
U.S. 38—Gerry Wanger 40—Hard Shirts 42
—Art Rogers Los Angeles 43—44—Jerry Cooke
Robert Hanks, William E. Wadsworth 40—U-F 49
—Don DeLaney 65—A-F 68—Boudell Tisdell

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

While most of the nation's major-college teams sadly contemplated their failures, a fortunate few looked forward to competing in postseason tournaments. The NCAA, with 11 new conference champions and five at-large teams already in the fold (see page 45), still had room for eight more. The NIT, too, was busy filling out its field. The New York tournament acquired Missouri Valley runner-up Bradley (21-5), hoped to get the Skyline also-ran (Colorado State U. or Utah) and, after considerable soul-searching, announced that its last spot would be filled by Holy Cross (18-4).

THE EAST

Duquesne, hard-pressed for able bodies in a frustrating season, used only five of them to stop St. Bonaventure. The cocky Dukes gambled on giving 6-foot-8 Bob McCully shooting room underneath, double-teamed Tom Stith with hairy Bob Slobohradik and Clyde Arnold and hoped for the best. It worked. While Captain Ned Twayman slipped in 31 points and rebounded superbly, Duquesne "held" Stith to 18 points, scrambled from behind to upset the shocked Bonnies 79-74 in overtime. At week's end weary St. Bonaventure pulled itself together to fight off *clashers* 84-72; Duquesne beat *Footham* 75-66.

St. John's defeated Yankee champion Rhode Island 88-74 and Manhattan 87-68; Georgetown surprised suddenly inept NYU 92-89; Holy Cross beat Providence 77-72; Princeton put down Dartmouth 68-54 and Harvard 71-59, tucked away the Ivy title. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (22-3)
2. ST. JOHN'S (18-5)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-4)

THE SOUTH

George Washington, beaten 16 times and in the Southern Conference championship tournament by the bare skin of its teeth, suddenly turned on its most persistent tormentors. First, the Colonials upset Virginia Tech 84-83, then they turned back The Citadel 94-87. Meanwhile, favored West Virginia's zone press failed against William and Mary, and the Mountaineers were knocked out 88-76. In the final, little Jon Feldman peppered W&M for 45 points, outclassed the Indiana ragged Jeff Cohen, who scored 38, and George Washington won 93-82.

Wake Forest moved big Len Chappell outside to help riddle Duke's zone defense, sent him driving in when the Blue Devils switched to man to man, and the result was just perfect—for the Deacons. Chappell scored 38 points, and Wake Forest won the ACC tournament 96-81.

With Mississippi State's SEC champions out of the NCAA tournament, the honor will go to Kentucky or Vanderbilt, who play off a second-place tie Thursday at Knoxville. The top three:

1. NORTH CAROLINA (20-4)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (23-4)
3. DUKE (20-5)

THE MIDWEST

Michigan State gave Ohio State some anxious moments with a pressing man-to-man defense, but the marvelous Buckeyes eventually ran the Spartans dizzy with a calculating fast break, moved methodically to a 91-83 victory and their second straight Big Ten title.

Kansas State, after beating Nebraska twice, 77-67 and 75-56, was only a game away from the Big Eight prize. One more Wildcat victory—or a Kansas defeat—will clinch it. But Bradley, with a chance to be Cincinnati for the Missouri Valley crown, tightened up perceptibly against St. Louis' careful defense and lost to the Bills 70-63. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (23-0)
2. CINCINNATI (23-0)
3. KANSAS STATE (20-4)

THE WEST

USC knew it had to beat UCLA to win the Big Five title. But it didn't seem possible after 6-foot-8 John Berberich (who scored 33 points) booted them again and again with tantalizing hooks, layups and jumpers to put the Bruins ahead 72-59 with 4:36 to go. USC, led by John Rudometos, sniped away, caught UCLA at 77-77 and beat them 86-85 in overtime on Ken Stanley's six free throws. Next night, the Trojans whipped Stanford 79-61, UCLA beat Washington 84-68, and it was all over.

The West Coast AC, as fearless as a milkman's horse, was closer to decision. St. Mary's, hosted, rallied at and potted with rotten eggs by churlish Santa Clara fans, lost to the Broncos 66-53, then got muddled up in its own zone defense and was beaten by San Jose State 74-72. With the Gaels (now 7-4) out of contention,

the fight was between Loyola (9-2) and San Francisco (7-3).

Like every other Skyline coach, Colorado State U.'s Jim Williams figured to beat Utah by forcing Billy McGill to foul out. But, unlike any other Skyline coach, Williams saw his plan succeed. The collapsing Ram defenders boxed McGill effectively, got him out of the game on fouls, and CSU edged the Utes 50-49 to set up a playoff for the title Saturday at Provo. The top three:

1. USC (26-8)
2. UTAH (22-8)
3. LOYOLA (26-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

For a while it appeared that the SWC championship would elude Texas Tech. The Raiders, weakened by the temporary absence of injured Del Ray Mounts, fell before Rice 95-91 in overtime. Then, as 10,380, the largest crowd ever to see a SWC game, whooped it up in Lubbock, Tech fell behind tough Texas twice, finally rallied to beat the Longhorns 63-60 for the title.

New Mexico State was still running hard in the Border Conference. The Aggies tumbled Hardin-Simmons 78-59 and West Texas State 71-51, needed only a win over fifth-place Hardin-Simmons to tie Arizona State. The top three:

1. HOUSTON (26-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (26-5)
3. ARIZONA STATE (26-5)



SPREAD-EAGLE LEAP by Duke's Art Heyman, who scored 24 points, catches Wake Forest's Chappell (50) flat-footed.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FAR-OUT FANS

Sirs:

Congratulations! At least you are consistent. For years you have been alternately roasting or ignoring the Los Angeles Dodgers. Now you have started in on the Los Angeles Angels (SI, Feb. 20). How about a break for the loyal West Coast fans who are glad to have so much exciting baseball to choose from?

MRS. PATRICK A. LEGRUNE
South Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

How about it? Let's stop knocking the new Los Angeles Angels. The Angels, although not contenders this year, have some fine talent in Eddie Yost, Ken Aspromonte, Bob Cerv and, of course, big Ted Kluwe. I wouldn't be surprised if some Angelscore discarded the colorless Dodgers and traveled to tiny Wrigley Field to watch the Angels and the American League.

PETE LEINGSFELDER

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your pictures and captions of the baseball bopulists trying out for the Angels were hilarious (*Far-out Band of Angels*, Feb. 27), but maybe not too far from the truth.

JOE JARODA

Deerstar, Ill.

SPINK PIECE

Sirs:

There is such a thing as common decency in the ethics of the average reporter assigned to do a story pertaining to a highly respected 72-year-old baseball celebrity. But it is sadly lacking in Gerald Holland's picture of Taylor Spink (*"Taylor Spink Is First-class"*, Feb. 27).

The name of Taylor Spink will be known to baseball fame long after your writer and his story are forgotten.

ARTHUR MACOSKEY

New York City

Sirs:

The Sporting News has done more for baseball, for the fan and for the fine elements of the game than any other source. I don't care if you think Mr. Spink personally is an ogre, nor do I care if he really is, for the record of his paper speaks for itself. Your article on him is a blow to the integrity of your magazine.

JOHN NASH

Chicago

Sirs:

Our relationship with J.G.T.S. here at Hillerich & Bradshaw goes back a half century, and it has been a close and intimate one. That means, of course, we are

one of those who can always be depended upon to slug it out when any of the dozen battle fronts he keeps going at all times becomes too quiet. And it means also delightful camaraderie between attacks, like the boy who kept knocking his head against the stone wall—it felt so good when he stopped.

JACK McGRATH

Louisville

Sirs:

As one who has known Taylor Spink for a third of a century both as a friend and an employee, I was happy to see your colorful article. It was a fine tribute to a man who, in my opinion, has no equal when it comes to original journalism.

IRVING I. POZNAN

St. Louis

Sirs:

Everyone who knows Dad enjoyed *"Taylor Spink Is First-class"* and that includes his "mild-mannered" son.

JOHNSON SPINK

St. Louis

SIRS:

TRIED TO GET YOU ON PHONE THIS MORNING TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR NICE TRIBUTE AND WELL-EXECUTED PIECE OF JOURNALISM. WELL STORY GREATLY APPRECIATED.

TAYLOR SPINK

ST. LOUIS

REDEVELOPED BLUE DEVIL

Sirs:

Until recently my opinion of your staff writers was most favorable. However, my opinion has been changed by Ray Cave's unrealistic job of reporting (*Duke's Red-hot and Blue Devil*, Feb. 27). If, as Mr. Cave implies, Art Heyman had been the victim of an unmitigated attack by two North Carolina players, then the conference would not have suspended him. I would suggest that Mr. Cave avail him-

self of the report of the conference ruling and see why Heyman was given a suspension.

RICHARD M. AUSTIN

Chapel Hill, N.C.

● In his official ruling Atlantic Coast Conference Commissioner Jim Weaver stated: "I do not hold Heyman altogether to blame for striking Brown, for this retaliatory action was almost instinctive."

However, Commissioner Weaver suspended Heyman for a "subsequent attack" on another North Carolina player who, after Brown's attack, had "forcibly shoved Heyman into Brown" and then retreated.—ED.

Sirs:

Many thanks for Ray Cave's really terrific article on Duke's great basketball star, Art (The Post) Heyman is one of the finest college players in many years. ACC Commissioner Jim Weaver's ruling in the Heyman case was ridiculous.

JOHN LOTTICH

Dover, Del.

MEMORIAL

Sirs:

Practically the only gold medals won by the U.S. at the Winter Olympics last year were won by our figure skaters. Now that the best of them are gone, it will take us a long time to get back to the top. I am enclosing a small contribution in memory of Laurence Owen and her teammates in the hope that you can send it on to some group who can help their cause.

JAMES CHARNLEY

Fairfax, Va.

● Mr. Charnley's contribution, along with those of many like-minded readers, has been forwarded to the U.S. Figure Skating Association (30 Hun-

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tington Ave., Boston), which is helping to establish a memorial fund in honor of the 1961 team. Its primary aim is to provide more facilities and instruction for young skaters.—ED.

RABBIT STEW

Sirs:

Congratulations to Emily Hahn on her very enlightening article *Jaku Peil and Peter Rabbit* (Feb. 29). I never realized that there were such preposterous organizations as the Association for the Abolition of Cruel Sports anywhere in the world. I'm willing to wager that not many of these English hunting abolitionists pity the slaughtered steer which they eat for dinner. Of course, they weren't in on the kill.

TIM RYTH

Mount Clemens, Mich.

STRONGER BY THE DOZEN

Sirs:

If you are on the "inside track" concerning the Big Ten swim meet (SCORECARD, Feb. 27), then I must say that you are running a bad race. Indiana, if it has any weaknesses—and anyone whom the Hoosiers defeat doubts that it does—is short of manpower. However, this is certainly not the reason for the decision to award points for 12 instead of six places. And it is not likely that the Hoosiers would use this as a basis for complaint if they should be defeated.

Following last year's championship meet, in which Michigan defeated Indiana 155-130, conference coaches were faced with a serious problem. The last six finishers, Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Northwestern and Purdue scored 28.5 points among them. These six teams, which had brought over 50 men to Ann Arbor for the meet, were having difficulty in justifying expenditures for travel to meets in which they had finished more than 125 points behind the leader.

A suggestion to alleviate this problem was to limit each school to two entries in each individual event. But the strong teams were unalterably opposed to such a proposition. The resultant compromise, the 12-place system, was then adopted by the coaches as the method by which the weaker teams could increase their scoring potential, not as a restraint on Indiana and Michigan.

HAROLD APPLEBAUM

Ann Arbor, Mich.

INCORRIGIBLE

Sirs:

Five minutes after reading Billy Casper's article (*My Secrets of Putting*, Feb. 20), I was eagerly copying the great master's style in the fond hope that someone at last had found a right way to putt.

I took my clubs to a nearby course and proceeded to prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that neither Billy Casper nor you, nor anyone else could correct my putting.

However, it was an interesting article.

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San Rafael, Calif.

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BOB MUIR

Pre-Olympic coach

During more than 30 years as coach at Harvard and Williams, and as Olympic coach in 1956, Bob Muir has developed more than his share of champion swimmers. But whenever Muir finds time to get away from polishing his champions, he is likely to head for some neighborhood pool to spend an hour or so teaching children the proper way to dog-paddle. "I would rather get a child started right in the water," says Muir, "than turn out an All-American."

During his lifetime, in Boston, in

Cambridge, in Williamstown and on the south shore of Long Island where he spends his summers, more than 35,000 youngsters have progressed from dog paddle to a six-beat crawl under Bob Muir's supervision. It is almost impossible for him to enter a pool anywhere without a bunch of kids gathering around.

Muir is due to retire soon, after 25 seasons at Williams, but it doesn't bother him a bit. "Then," he says in eager anticipation, "I can spend my full time working with the kids."

3. Teen-agers.



The median age of the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** household head is 42.4 years and that of his wife, 39.8. Which is an age bracket where you are likely to have not toddlers, nor the precocious ones that make you a youthful-looking pair of grandparents, but **teen-agers**. Chino-clad, gum-chewing, pop-swilling, rock-and-rolling, phone-sprawling, unpredictable, wonderful **teen-agers**.

And try as our editors do to make **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** adult, sophisticated, and in some cases downright erudite, we cannot keep **teen-agers** from reading this magazine.

In the 950,000 households that receive **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, the **teen-age** readers add a total of 367,700 boys 10-17 and 164,300 girls 10-17 to the readership.

And so, gentle reader, here is the breakdown. Here is the answer to "who reads **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**?"

The 950,000 weekly copies are read by 1,048,900 men over 18.

The 950,000 weekly copies are also read by 367,700 males 10-17.

The 950,000 weekly copies are also read by 641,100 women over 18.

The 950,000 weekly copies are also read by 164,300 females 10-17.

A total of 2,222,000 readers in the 950,000 households that receive **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** every week.

These are what the magazine research people call primary readers—they don't count pass-along readers or visitors, readers in libraries or fraternity houses and so on. (One survey organization that investigates such total readership phenomena has given us credit for a total of about 6,000,000 readers, but we are inclined to discount that figure.)

So if you have a bent for mathematics, you will see that the 950,000 weekly copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** provide you with 1,690,000 adult readers, men and women to whom sport is a happy element in their lives together—and 532,000 **teen-age** readers—another happy result of this togetherness.

Thus 24% of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s total readership of 2,222,000 is **teen-age**. But remember, it's 24% of the total readership. Don't let anybody tell you it's 24% of the total circulation, because our readership (2,222,000) and our circulation (950,000) are two different things.

Because sport is the kind of subject it is, for the entire family to enjoy and be interested in and get together on—unlike, say, the *Journal* (Wall Street) which usually you alone read, or the *Journal*

(continued on back page)

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(Ladies' Home) which your wife alone reads—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has a wider readership **all through the house** than almost any magazine you can mention.

I feel that I have just completed a rather dull task, and I am grateful to you for having stayed with me.

Because I would far rather talk about the **quality** of the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readership, and the kind of active and exciting people that our statistics show they are, than about just their numbers.

Only one SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader is the Board Chairman of Union Oil; only one the President of Philip Morris; only one the President and Board Chairman of American Motors. Only one is the President of General Tire; only one the General Manager of the world's champion Pittsburgh Pirates; only one the owner of the San Diego Chargers; only one the President of Pepsi-Cola.

And only one is President of the United States, and he has even been a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED writer as well. (However, he probably can't give as much time as he might like to reading our magazine regularly, and we understand perfectly.)

That accounts for eight readers, and I have hardly started. But instead of my personally telling you about each one of the other 2,221,992, just take your own observation for it, if not my word—they are the kind of people who simply wouldn't be reading a magazine such as this one if they weren't active, alert, aware people with all the characteristics that a healthy interest in sport conveys.

Their high degree of college education shows them to be people of taste and discernment; their high degree of business and professional rank shows them to be people of consequence; their high median income (one of the highest of all magazines, and I mean all) shows them to be people of buying power; and the relatively low median age of the head of household (one of the lowest of all magazines) shows them to be people with plenty of buying potential.

As far as the teen-agers go, can you think of any more likely subject for adults and young people in a family to get together on than sport? That's why all those 532,000 teen-agers are reading their folks' copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—and this eager, interested, restless, dynamic market of the future is yours at no charge.

More about them in the next issue of this epistolary cliff-hanger.

Pete Collaway
Advertising Director





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